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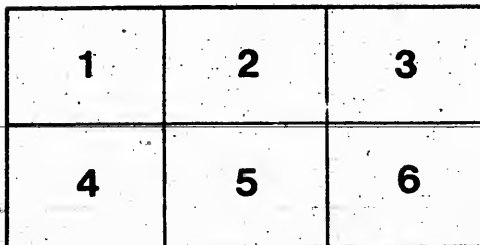
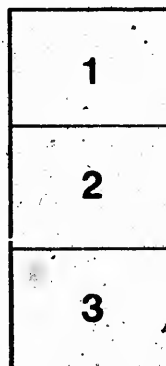
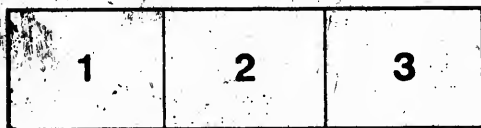
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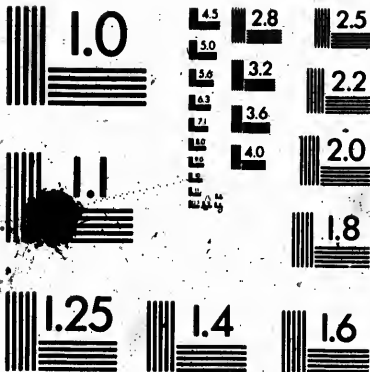
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INTRODUCTION

The testimonies in this book have been compiled with a desire to accomplish the following ends:

1. To show how wonderful and glorious is this great salvation: how it cleans out all unnatural appetites, such as smoking, snuffing, chewing and drinking: how it effectually takes away the love of the world—love for church spees, fairs, croquet, cards, needless adornment, and secret societies: how it delivers from the remains of anger, malice, lust, impatience, jealousy, pride, selfishness, and all carnality: how it fills the soul with the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, and sets him on fire for the salvation of a Christless world. It will also be shown that there are LIVING witnesses of this blessed experience.

2. To point out the utter uselessness of seeking holiness before an entire consecration has been made.

3. To prove that sanctification is a separate blessing from justification, and ALWAYS subsequent to pardon.

4. To help bring about a general revival of the old-fashioned doctrine of Bible holiness, and to afford light and encouragement to earnest seekers after the blessing.

May God graciously bless the reading of this little book to thousands in our various churches, and make it abundantly conducive to His own glory, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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CORNELIUS GRACE.

I was born in England, of Christian parents, and came to this country about thirty years ago. I had become before this a lover of company and a confirmed *moderate drinker*. This often drew me into society not of the best. I see how surely but almost imperceptibly the enemy was coiling his chains of habit around me. I, like many to-day who are going headlong to ruin through the accursed cup, thought I had manhood enough to resist an excess of its use, and used to pride myself (when any word of warning was given to me), that I could use it or leave it alone; but this did not last long. I began to love drink for drink's sake, and I found my appetite increased yearly. I have sometimes been aroused out of my security by conscience and conviction from above, and would resolve (in my own strength), never to taste it again, but of course failed, after an abstinence of some months, and always "the last state was worse than the first."

When in Boston many years ago, I tried (after looking through delirium and hell), temperance societies—joined one, paid my initiation fee, but found it come so far short of what I expected that I did not go near them any more. This was not the way I was to be saved, and although many may be temporarily saved by them, my experience tells me there is nothing short of salvation that will effect a complete and radical cure, to this most terrible of all scourges—intemperance. I went on until restraint ceased and I was a confirmed tippler, never eating a meal, early or late, without first taking a dram, and for years never going to bed entirely sober. I was a nuisance to every

body, and an abhorrence to myself. In this desperate emergency, God in his mercy called upon me, at the commencement of a revival of religion at Middletown Springs, Vt., in the Fall of 1869. I was then fifty years old, and God, through His Spirit, showed me there was a fountain in Jesus, and that there was

"A balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole,
And there was power enough in Jesus
To cure a sin-sick soul."

And all I had to do was to come repentant to this great Physician with all my diseases and He would make me whole; and, glory be to God, I was enabled to say, I will, for I saw this was just what I wanted, for I loathed myself, not on account of my sins then, but because my pride told me I had lost my manhood, and had become a slave to intoxicating drink. But when God arrested me by His Spirit, then I saw my sins and my danger, as I had never before seen them, and resolved if there was any mercy for me, I would seek it *now*, and I at once started for heaven by the way of the cross: glory be to God!

Not very long but very deep were my convictions. The second evening after I started, God came to my help, and I was enabled to look to Jesus and live. "Being justified by faith I had peace with God, through Jesus Christ," and with it deliverance from my besetment. I was at once exhorted to go and work for Jesus, and in obedience I found exceeding great peace and joy. Willingly I obeyed the Spirit, and was led on at once to seek a deeper work of grace. God required of me a whole heart and a perfect service, and I went at once about it, by the help of the Holy Ghost, to cleanse myself "from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit." I had heard of a thorough cure for all my ailments, and I persistently laid claim to it through the merits of Jesus. I promised the Lord if He would take care of my body, from the effects of the poison accumulated for

years, from drinking and chewing, I would, by His help, give up tobacco chewing, and I was enabled by His grace to do so on the first of January, 1870. This done, I still found something in the way of my full consecration, for I was seeking a clean heart, and when pleading the promises, and being almost able to grasp them by faith, I found a weakness at that point, little thinking it was the *pipe* that stood in the way. The enemy was always saying, "It is so small a thing, the Lord will not notice that," but the more I struggled and prayed, the more I was conscious of an imperfect consecration. The pipe made me sick: I could not smoke without becoming dizzy, and I would often, when in this state, ask God to take away the appetite.

One afternoon, as usual, I resorted to the pipe, and went about my daily labor; and, being more than common sickened by it, I cried out unto the Lord to take away the appetite—when a voice, apparently audible, said to me, "Can't you give up for Jesus?" In a moment the spell was broken, and I said, "Yes, Lord." Away went the pipe, and the appetite with it. The next day about ten o'clock A.M., alone with God, on the 3d February, 1870, while reading a sermon on "Precious Faith," by the now sainted Lawrence, I was enabled to step out on the promises and say—

"'Tis done; Thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

And I was washed in the blood of the Lamb "whiter than snow." Glorious experience! Precious faith! How it saved, and still saves me, none but God and eternity can tell.

A few months after this, while employed at a doctor's house, who had warned me against leaving off all at once, saying it would make me sick, he invited me to take some old cider, saying it would do me good—just what I needed. I was persuaded. One glass did not suffice; I took the second, and was,

before going to dinner, invited to take another. I went into the cellar for that purpose, and put my hand upon the glass, when the Spirit of God arrested me, and told me not to touch it. Thanks be to God, I was again saved, and I promised God, from that hour, by His help, never to taste cider again.

This narrow escape has taught me that there is no safety for any one that has been so miraculously saved, but *total abstinence*. I no more dare to trifle with *cider* than rum or tobacco. I thank God for a complete victory through Jesus Christ. I know there is power enough in Jesus to save us from our sins, be they ever so deep dyed. But this is not all He has saved me from. I was a great lover of billiards, theatres, gambling in all its forms, cards, dancing, and all kinds of riotous living—loved the good opinions of men, and the approval of self. Now I can say, to the glory of Jesus, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." "I hate the things I once loved, and love the things I once hated." "It is more than my meat and drink to do my Master's will." I have no room for the world or worldliness. God required me to renounce the world and all its follies, making a full and perfect surrender of all to Jesus, before He would accept me and give me the desire of my heart. I could not get saved any other way. I have no desire to go to pic-nics, excursions, church festivals, Christmas trees, donations, etc., or to go into any secret society, to seek the friendship of the world, for I am told that such is enmity against God, and His cause of course. *I have an all-sufficient Saviour*, and this uttermost salvation alone satisfies my longings.

"The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood,
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God."

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PATRICK FAY.

WHEN the Lord converted me, I lived in Kane County, Illinois. I am now in Iowa. The first thing that provoked me in regard to my religion was, when I would be in a Protestant house on Friday, I would forget myself and eat meat. The youngsters would laugh at me for eating it. I would argue the catechism with them. I really thought it was right. I thought I would buy me a Donay Bible; so I bought it and began to read it. The most that I read it for was to find Friday, for I thought it was a command from God to abstain from meat on Friday. I began at Matthew, and read along till I came to where Paul speaks of meat offered to idols. But Friday was not there; so I read along till I came to Revelation. I came to that enigma, as I called it, that beast "that was, and is not, and yet is." That put me to a stop. I said to my wife that the priest says the truth—it is not a fit book to read—so I gave it up.

I heard that a great preacher was going to preach at Sycamore. I went to hear him. No one knew me there except two persons. I went early in the morning, although my wife forbid me to go, and said that I would have a good deal of penance to do when I would go to confession. I said to her, that the priest and myself were good friends, and I only wanted to know what they would say; so I went. I saw these two men that knew me speaking to the preacher. I went into the church and sat near the door. I really thought that if they knew who I was they would turn me out. It was what they call a quarterly meeting. I was not long in when a man came to me and wanted me to take a small piece of bread; and I would not take any, for I really thought it was their sacrament, and I did not like to touch it. So he smiled and kept offering it. I took

a very small crumb and put it in my pocket, for I thought it was wicked to throw it away. Next came a man with a bowl of whiskey, as I thought, and he offered it to me. I shook my head, so he went along, and in a few minutes I heard them sing and shout; and O, how sorry I felt that I did not take a good drink of the whiskey—for I really thought the men and women were drunk. I made up my mind if he would come round again I would take a good horn, as we used to call it—but he did not come any more. The preacher took his text from the second letter of Paul to the Corinthians, vi. 2. He spied me out soon, and he laid it on to me heavy. He told me everything I had ever done. So I made up my mind that the two who knew me had told him who I was. He gave it to me first-rate. I made up my mind that if these men had a sick horse, and were to send for me, I would kill him. I really thought he would call out my name. I thought he kept abusing me a long time. When he got through I started for home, never again to go near the heretics, although I had no ill-will to the poor preacher, for the tears ran down his cheeks while he was preaching. I came home. My wife asked me how I liked the Protestants. I told her I never got such abuse in all my life. I told her that those two men told him who I was, and what a Sabbath-breaker I was. I told my wife to look at their sacrament, showing her the little bit of bread. She ordered me out of the house, and told me not to bring a curse on the place. I told her to have patience, and we would give it to one of the chickens, and if it was of the devil the chicken would die. She told me not to give it to any of her good chickens, so I picked out the smallest of them, and threw it the bread, and she and I followed it for one hour, thinking it would tumble over every minute. But the poor chicken was right well. I was so ignorant of the Bible that I did not know where to look for the text the preacher took in Sycamore, and it did not read exactly in the Douay, as he read it out of his Bible. Well, I felt tormented and ugly for a long time. There was

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something the matter with me; I could not think what it was. I began to read the Bible for a good while, and I was growing worse all the time.

I had often heard of a prayer-meeting, and I did not know what to think of it. There was one within two miles of where I lived, and I said to Mary I would go to see what way they do pray. She told me not to go, for the priest would be mad, and he would put six months' penance upon me. I told her I only wanted to see what way they prayed, and I told her I would not be a heretic for the world. The priest would feel worse about my going to a Protestant meeting, or reading a Protestant book, than he would if I got drunk, although he would not like any one to get drunk. He would give good advice: he did to me always when I went to confession. So I told Mary I would go to the prayer-meeting—and I did.

When I went into the house it put me in mind of a wake-house in Ireland. They had a table with a white sheet on it, and two lamps, and three or four prayer-books, as I thought then. A good woman came to me, and made me sit on a seat near the table with the cloth on. They sang some hymns, or songs, as I called them: then they all kneeled down—only me. I felt ashamed to be sitting there while the rest were kneeling. In a little while there came to where I was a very good woman, and she knelt down by my seat, and she prayed there till she brought the tears from my eyes. I wondered what was the matter: I really thought my heart would burst. I could not stand it any longer. I had to go out, for I did not like the folks to see me shed tears in a heretic's house.

I went home, and Mary asked me about the prayer-meeting. I told her that every one had their prayers by heart, and I told her what effect Mrs. Kendall's prayer had on me; and she said I must be chicken-hearted. I felt very singular. The night was very cold, so I warmed and went to bed. I felt awful—got out of bed, went out to the cow-yard, and knelt down by the hay-stack to make a bargain with God. I promised

Him, if He would take away the bad feeling that I had, I would never curse, nor tell a lie, nor break the Sabbath—for I used to hunt, and drink whiskey, and play cards and dance, on Sundays. I promised Him faithfully if He would take away my bad feeling I never would go near the Protestant meeting any more. I stayed out as long as I could stand the cold. I came in and warmed and went to my bed again, and Mary asked if I was sick. I said no, but I wanted to see the cattle, for I felt ashamed to tell her my troubles. I went out again, to make the same bargain over again, and I prayed to the Virgin Mary, and I recited the Litany of the Lady of Loretta; but I got no relief. I felt very cold, for it was freezing hard. I came in and went to bed again. I could not stay there, so I went out again to make the same bargain. I came back again the third time no better; so I warmed again and went to bed. I could not stay there: I got up again. My wife said I must be sick, and I must tell her what was the matter, and she would try and do something for me. I told her to stay in bed, that I heard the cattle breaking the fence; for I felt ashamed to let her know my trouble. I was bound to finish the bargain that time—and how I did promise never to go near any meeting while I would live on this earth, except to Mass.

While I was making the bargain the fourth time, the strangest thing that I ever felt before came over me. I shouted, and jumped, and came running into the house, and began to kiss the children; and my poor Mary cried, and said it was going to the cursed Protestants: that it was a curse on me for meddling with their sacraments—I mean the bit of bread that we gave to the chicken. So she called in some neighbors, and how I did love them! I loved every body. She would have felt glad if it was drunkenness. I was so that they all made me believe that I had really lost my senses. Next morning I went to St. Charles, to see Dr. Crafford. I met him, and told him that the people said I was losing my senses. He asked me how I felt. I told him I felt good, and well, and merry, but I had

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a very great heat in my breast. He asked me if I had the heartburn. I said not. He told me to put out my tongue, and I did so. He said there was not much the matter with me. He put up a prescription for me. I got my medicine, and how awful bitter it was. I came home from St. Charles for the first time without drinking whiskey. I really thought that the medicine did cure me, for I did not feel so good as I did when I was going. I came home. Got along until the next morning. I went into the grove, and thought I would make the same bargain again with God. I knelt down, and was hardly on my knees when my disease came back. I ran home rapidly to take my medicine. So I kept on getting my disease and drinking my medicine, till it was all gone. So I began to read my Douay Testament carefully, and I began to see life in it. So I came to the conclusion if the Bible was true, that the Church of Rome was wrong. I want to say here that I did not go looking for religion when I went to Protestant meetings, no more than I would hang myself. So I kept reading and getting more light, till I made up my mind that the Catholic Church was rotten. Then I saw how they promised people liberty, and were themselves the children of perdition. I went along, sinning and repenting,—for I saw that the Protestant people that I was acquainted with were not living according to the Word of God.

A family, by the name of Hall, moved where we lived, and they began prayer-meetings in our neighborhood. I went to the meetings, and I caught my old complaint again ; and I give all the glory to my blessed Lord ! O, how good he is to those that serve and obey Him ! So I joined a people they call the Free Methodists—for they are bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I do thank sister Hall, and I do hope to meet her where we shall never part.

M. E. OAKES.

GOD converted my soul nearly nineteen years ago. I remember, while pleading for mercy, this question was presented very clearly to my mind: "Will you separate yourself from the world in all things, as God shall show you what separation means, and follow Him?" I shrank in terror from consenting; it might mean so much; but there was no eluding or getting around it, till from the depths of my heart I cried, "Lord, I will." As I remember the death-pangs of separation at different points, I realize the vow is upon me as long as I shall live.

When the yard of velvet, which formed the trimming for my net, came between my soul and God, as I tried to pray, it was not the simple piece of velvet; that I could easily have laid aside; it was the principle it contained. Must I carry out that principle throughout all my wardrobe, and as long as I live? Must I make all my dress with an eye wholly single to the glory of God, so that I shall be a living epistle wherever I am? In vain I urged, God does not care for trifles; he does not look at such things, but at the heart; not realizing the outward is governed by the heart. But God steadily pointed me back to my vow of separation, saying, "It is life or death, heaven or hell; separate and follow me, and have eternal life, or follow the world, and perish with the world." So I asked God to take the love of these things out of my heart, and I would obey. Bless his name, he so changed my human nature that I have no sickly longings for them; so that whatever society I am in, whether there are any to keep my plainness company or not, I am enabled to rejoice—not boast or be proud of—but rejoice in my pilgrim dress. Some have told me, "You are

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plain as a stake;" others, "It is real mean you won't fix up and look like somebody;" or, "You don't know how much it would improve your looks if you would only put on this or that;" or, "There isn't any use of being so extreme; that isn't religion." Neither do I think it is religion. I do it not to please myself, but Jesus, remembering it is the little foxes that spoil the vines. Yet our enemies themselves, being judges, allow that I wear all that is necessary for comfort or decency.

Again, the Lord has shown me what my church vows of "reading only those books that I can read to the glory of God," means. It not only embraces the silly newspaper stories and magazines, but even the high class of novels, looked upon by so many professed Christians as "harmless, and so recreative to the mind." These are not the food for a soul on the march for eternal life. Oh! how many times I felt here. At one time, after having the victory for months, I accidentally read a sentence in a story. Oh! that I had obeyed the promptings of the Spirit, and stopped there. But I read another, and another, until the victory was lost. Although I only read part of the story, there followed months that I could not keep the victory as I had before. It was useless to tell the Lord that others read them. If the whole church read them I could not and be justified. As soon as I read I fell, and had to seek forgiveness of sin and justification by faith; therefore it seems strange to me to hear persons claiming to be justified, say they are seeking for holiness, or a deeper work of grace, to help them give up things that the Spirit has clearly shown them must be given up; for in justification I have the victory over such things, and if I do not have the victory I am not justified: while holiness takes the love or root out, so there is no desire remaining for them, but rather loathing toward them.

Along the line of my experience the question often came, whether it was right for me to do sewing for others that I could not conscientiously do for myself. I would look at it, and run it through my mind, and conclude if that was followed

out in all branches of business, we should all starve to death : therefore it could not be God's will. But the time came when it was presented with such force that I felt I must know God's will about it. I told the Lord if he required it of me—if he would show it to me as clearly as he had other things—I would cease doing it forever, though the poverty or starvation were the result. Failing to see his will, there followed months of intense mental suffering, while this point stood between me and a definite experience in the blessing of holiness. Almost continually was I asking myself, "Is it right or is it wrong?" "Is what right or wrong?" "Doing this work," would be answered back. So much did it occupy my attention that my waking thoughts would be asking the questions. The struggle grew so intense that I reached a point where I must know now, or die in the struggle. How clearly I then saw there had been a mental skinking from knowing all these months. Oh! how quickly God let me see that "pride is the abominable thing that God hateth;" that I might just as well hem hundreds of yards of ruffling as an inch; just as well put in all the tucks that would look pretty as any, when done simply for looks; just as well make all the fixings a foolish world desires, if any. Then I put forth one foolish plea: "Why, Lord, such a sister says, Bring on your tucks and ruffles; I will make all you want, only I will tell you what I think about it. And sister—— is a fashionable dress-maker, and she certainly is good, and professes holiness. How can his be?" "What is that to thee? Follow thou me." "Lord I cannot sew for half of our Methodist people; for some want just a little put on, and others who dress very plainly themselves, adorn their children's clothing; and perhaps I should want to if I were a mother. If I make this covenant, what could I do?" "Dedicate thy children to me; teach, early and late, day by day, year after year, that the reason why they cannot have these things is not because you cannot afford it, or don't like to see them or make them, or would not like to please them, but because it would

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separate you from God: hell would be your portion for so doing. Then leave the consequences with me." "How shall I live, Lord?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all necessary things shall be added unto you." "But people will think me so unaccommodating." Then he pointed me back to my vow of separation, and said, "Choose life or death;" and as I chose, he said, "Lift up holy hands without wrath or doubting;" adding, "Thy bread shall be sure, and thy water shall not fail. The Munition of Rocks shall be thy hiding place," while waves of glory filled my soul. Oh, how patiently God listened to all my questionings and reasonings until he made the way plain. Then it was, "Go on to higher heights of Jesus' love, or fall to woes eternal."

I could tell how the Lord has cared for me since then: not that all my wants have been met just according to my preconceived notion of things—yet, over and over again, and many times over again, I have been led to acknowledge the necessary things are given; always more than bread and water, and, if I think I feel need, and the devil whispers, "You might have if—," I feel it is for Jesus' sake, and feel the union growing closer, stronger. Oftentimes my need has been supplied in ways truly crucifying to my independent human nature, but as I see it is my Father verifying his promise, I am enabled to rejoice and say, "Thy will be done."

I have written, feeling the Lord would have me write these things at this time; not because I think being separate, straight or radical in some or all outward things, while destitute of the inner workings of the Spirit, that melts, moves, subdues, and fills the soul with love, will secure the favor or admit us into the presence of the Father: for these, to be of value, must spring from love unfeigned: but I just as clearly see that to cease to be "definite and radical" would quench the Spirit, and I should be equally as worthless without one as the other, while I fear that the outside would not be right a great while when the love that prompted it was gone. May the Lord help us to be true to the light he has given us.

ELLEN A. MATHEWS.

"Let the world their virtues boast—
Their works of righteousness."

I WILL boast of my salvation, unmerited and free. I disclaim all righteousness of my own, and simply and wholly trust in Christ as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Others may boast of their morality, of their outward righteousness, excluding the necessity of the atonement made on Calvary's rugged mount; but this

"shall all my glorying be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me."

From early youth I felt the strivings of God's Spirit. A love for God and His word was implanted in my heart; and before I was thirteen years of age I had read the Bible through, and committed many chapters to memory. Deprived of a fond mother's counsel so young, I often felt that I had no friend but God; and I often went to Him with all my wants, and in many ways He convinced me my prayers were heard. But I had no clear sense of my condition and duty until my fifteenth year, when a sense of guilt pressed on my conscience, together with a feeling that I must die and go to judgment. I knew not where to look. I wept and prayed. I longed for some one to talk with me, and would often put myself in the way of professing Christians, hoping they would feel interested for my salvation; but they did not, and I was as frequently made sad and disappointed.

Some time after this, I attended, on the Sabbath, a camp-meeting held in Clarkson. As I entered the woods, the songs and shouts of new-born souls, and saints who were fully saved, rent the air and pierced my heart. Then I felt this was just

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what I wanted. I had never before seen the saints happy, nor ever heard the voice of freedom. I had always looked upon religion as a gloomy affair; but now it appeared very different.

Could I *know* my sins forgiven! Could I live in the light of God's countenance—His smiles cheering me continually! That was news—good news to me. I wanted a title to heaven, and I would seek earnestly for it. I soon became unconscious to all around me, and the first I knew I was at the altar of prayer. O, how the truth searched me! The depths of my heart were broken up. I returned from the meeting to my home, and found the news had travelled before me. The enemy was stirred, and my friends were also enraged. Then began a conflict, but I kept feeling and thinking I must be saved. I then united with the M. E. Church as a seeker of religion. This brought great suffering upon me: but I desired the prayer and watch-care of the Church.

The Spirit pointed out to me the surrender—and it *meant* *surrender*; not, as is taught in these days—give up, but live just as formerly: no change in appearance, no cross, except uniting with the visible church. A path of self-denial opened up before me. The cross covered all the way. The spirit of the Gospel to me was separation—separation from all sin, the world and all its vanity and show; and I must consent to be misunderstood, reproached and persecuted, if I would have God for my friend, and inherit eternal life. There were right arms to be taken off, and right eyes to be plucked out. Here I stood for many long and weary months, sometimes looking to God, and then looking at the outward church and the world. Evil reasonings harassed me, and I often doubted the existence of God, heaven or hell.

My frame was unequal to the inward conflict, consequently my bodily health failed. I came to the borders of eternity. I realized at times but little of earth, but eternity dawned upon me. I shall not attempt to describe all I felt and saw, but I never doubted God's word again. The world lost its power to

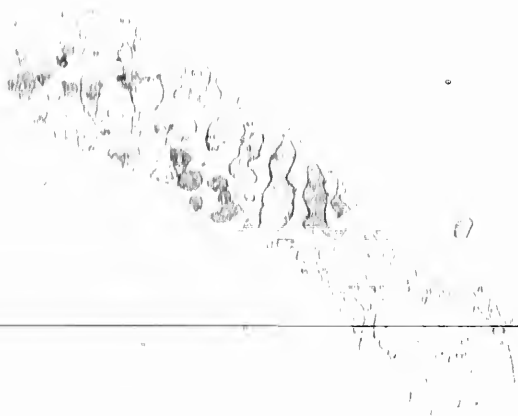
charm; earthly joys and friendships vanished like smoke. I could cling to nothing—friends could not help me there. I was at death's door. I must go along through death's dark valley. I must meet God alone—just as much as though there was no one else to die or stand at the bar of God. I prayed for help, and strove to give myself to God; and God, who is rich in mercy, heard my prayer, and brought me back from the borders of the grave. I was decided, but I was not satisfied, short of the witness of my adoption. It seemed that God was bent on saving me, and the enemy set on my destruction. A new scheme was laid to discourage me. No sooner had I recovered than the cry of "insanity," "a religious excitement," constantly sounded in my ears. The conflict grew hotter. I became desperate; a mighty strength came upon me that held me to the path without a falter. It was victory I was after, and there was no alternative; and, all glory be to God! on the 31st day of March, 1855, between my home and the church, deliverance came. Darkness and gloom, guilt and condemnation, were instantly removed, and I was made happy, utterly beyond all I had expected or dared to hope. The height of ~~my joy~~ ^{was} equalled only by the previous depth of my sorrow.

"My glad soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet."

I was ~~at last~~ ^{at last}. It was just as clear as my existence. Now ~~the~~ ^{the} test I had seen so long before me. I must leave my ~~home~~ ^{home} or go back into the world; or choose a formal, compromising course, which is equivalent to renouncing Christ. The Word of God said to me, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;" but I must serve God at the dictation of friends instead. They thought they knew my duty better than God; so now I must seek to save my life by yielding to their influence, or lose it and go out homeless and friendless. I sought unto the Lord, and light came, as it always does when our eye is single.

At that time there was great opposition to the obtaining and
 possession of the blessing of holiness, as a work separate and
 distinct from justification; but I saw this was just what I
 needed. I had been forgiven, but I needed the cleansing. I
 could not stand without it. I could not effectually labor in
 God's vineyard. It was for me—Jesus had bought it for me
 on the tree. Again, I saw that privilege, clearly perceived,
 became duty. I was only justified as I walked in all the light
 I had. My whole being desired purity. I had given all to
 God for coming time. There was no reserve. As I looked to
 God, this word was given me, "Whatsoever things ye desire,
 when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have
 them." I desired the blood of sprinkling. I prayed; I said,
 "I am thine—thou canst cleanse—*thou wilt cleanse*—THOU MUST
 CLEANSE!" And I heard that blessed voice inly saying, "BE
 THOU CLEAN!" and O, how clean I felt! O, how emptied of
 self, and so little, so dependent! I felt now ready to go with
 Jesus—enduring the cross and despising the shame. For four
 years after this, I proved how Jesus could save and uphold a
 lonely pilgrim. I say of a truth, I gained the hundred fold,
 for God gave me fathers, and mothers, and houses, and lands,
 wherever I went. I lost nothing, but I gained all. Glory be
 to God for ever!


A war had been going on in our Conference for some time,
 between formalism and a living Christianity. Some of God's
 dear ministers and people contended for a salvation that saved
 from all SIN; others thought the world necessary to satisfy the
 soul, and courted its favor, and were governed by it. In the
 conflict, some were thrust out of the pale of the church. From
 this sprang the necessity of a new organization. I was not
 long in deciding my duty, for I was wedded to the church—
 save the church of the first-born, whose names were written in
 heaven. So I went with the despised but honored people who
 believe in, and may enjoy, A FULL SALVATION. These are my
 people—their God is the LORD. Eight years have passed, dur-



ing which time I have learned many precious lessons, and the work is going on in my heart. I want all Jesus has bought for me.

“Where'er I go, where'er I be,
By His own hand He leadeth me.”

MRS. M. A. SHINN.

 At a very early age I was convicted of sin, and sought and found pardon through the merits of Christ. For a time, I walked in the light of his countenance, but finally fell in with the customs of the day, and became lukewarm and formal. I tried to perform my religious duties, and hoped to reach heaven at last. Thus I lived twenty-five years. Then the judgments of God came upon me. He took my eldest daughter—my idol. Then I was led to examine my heart. I found rebellion there. I could not pray the Lord's Prayer. How could I say, “Thy will be done,” and not mean it? for I knew that God required truth in the inward parts. Oh, the anguish of my poor heart at that hour! My loved one gone, and my heart not right in the sight of God. I tried to pray, but the thought would arise, “Give up your will to Christ.” This I could not do of myself, and I did not know how to go to Jesus. I knew there was a higher state of religion than I had attained a place where I could say, “Thy will be done.” Some said it was not an instantaneous work, but that I would reach it, by and by. This did not satisfy me. I felt that help must soon come, or I should die. Some friends advised me to take boarders, thinking to divert my mind in that way. I did so, but no relief came. I held on to God with a trembling hand, and would not let Him go. At times I would pray all night, for the Lord to give me light. I did not consult my pastor, lest he should think I had *no religion*, and I did not wish to lessen

his confidence in me. I read Mr. Wesley's sermon on Perfection, and the opinion of others on the subject.

It pleased the Lord, in his wise Providence, to send Dr. Redfield to this place. I went to hear him preach, and he made the doctrine of Christian perfection so clear and plain, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not have erred therein. I began to see that it meant something, to give up all for Christ's sake. Dr. R. gave an invitation to all who felt the need of this all-cleansing blood on their hearts, to kneel at the altar. I, with a number of others, went forward. I tried to make the consecration, but, to my surprise, I found that I was not justified. I saw there were duties to perform, before I even *dare* deem myself justified. I left the altar with a sad heart, and went home to my closet, and there begged and plead with the Lord for the blessing. My prayer was, "Oh! give me a clean heart, and then I will do my duty." This answer was given me: "Go and be justified;" and then I began to yield, and cried from the depths of my soul, "Oh! Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Then came the struggle, and the answer, "Will you pray with your boarders?" for I had excluded my boarders from family worship, through a man-fearing spirit. I mentioned my trouble to my husband; but he thought it was not necessary to be so particular about so small a matter. But it was no small matter to me. My soul was at stake, and I knew that I must go through then, or lose all the religion I had. I felt that I must make a clean work of it. I had to make acknowledgements to my boarders for my omission of duty to them in regard to family prayers; and then, I solemnly promised God, that I would do my duty.

The next morning the young men joined us in worship; and as I opened the Bible and read, the light of Heaven shone into my heart, and on the Word, as it never had done before. As I knelt in prayer, I received such a blessing, that I knew the Lord had lifted His reconciled countenance upon me, and I was fully justified in his sight. I then went to my room, expecting

the blessing of perfect love; but as I knelt to pray, these words came to me, "Are you going to give Mary to the Lord?" For the Lord had laid His afflicting hand upon my second daughter, and I knew that she must die: and could I say that it was right? I knelt the second time in prayer, but I could not say, "Thy will be done. I arose from my knees and walked the floor, and as I looked at my darling child, I thought of Abraham when he offered up his *only* son; and I fell upon my face and cried, "Lord, here is Mary—and here is every child I have—and here is my husband—and here I am; and if I become a perfect beggar on the streets, only give me salvation." Then the Power came down, and I was fully saved from everything on this earth. I have been walking in this glorious way for ten years, and to-day I feel this all-cleansing blood on my heart. Praise the Lord forever!

EUNICE COBB.

SOON after I was converted I felt conviction for a deeper work of grace and a fervent desire for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. After a time G. Fillmore came to our circuit. He preached the doctrine of Holiness so plainly and powerfully that my heart became all alive for that perfect love that casteth out fear. I was tempted, feeling so ignorant and unworthy of such an inestimable blessing. I thought all my friends would shun me, and all the world despise me. The struggle I now felt was a fearful one. I felt I could no longer live without this blessing: I resolved, in the strength of the Lord, I would not rest till I had obtained the prize; now I was willing to become anything or nothing for Christ's sake. In that moment my prayer, my struggle, my unutterable longing was gratified; praise took the place of prayer, my full soul dissolved in love, and praise seemed as wax before the fire;

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then was that "new name" written upon my heart which "no man knoweth, save he that receiveth it." In a moment I saw that this was sanctification. My peace was like a river. On one occasion, having been in great distress for about an hour, and all access at the throne of Grace appeared to be cut off, I retired, opened my Bible, knelt and read, 'Ye are they who have continued with me in my temptation; and I appoint unto you a kingdom as my Father hath appointed unto me.' The loud broke. Oh what light shone around me! Then I felt I could convince the world of the divine reality of religion. Glory to the great Deliverer who sent me in a large place!

I now felt it my duty to be decidedly plain in my dress. Going one day to church I met a lady dressed in the height of fashion; I was tempted, and it was suggested to my mind, Why should I be so plain and singular when I can have these fashionable articles just as well as others? and my friends feel mortified to observe my old dress? All as in a moment I seemed to see a robe displayed before me which outshone the sun in brightness. I cried out, Farewell all earthly grandeur, while a voice seemed to say, 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.' My heart is grieved when I see lightness and trifling among those professing godliness. Surely we must have the Spirit of Christ or we are none of His. We read that 'Jesus wept,' but where that he laughed and trifled? I have found by blessed experience that labor is rest and pain is sweet when we see God in everything. My Bible teaches me 'to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and keep myself unspotted from the world.' All this by the grace of God, I am striving to do. It is now twenty-three years since I experienced this blessing, and my way grows brighter and brighter still. Oh what green pastures, what still waters. Oh how delightful to cast every care upon Jesus."

The above was written and published in 1837. Forty-two years after this she closed her eyes in death, having lived and enjoyed the fullness of sixty-four years. I had the privilege of

visiting her three hours before death. Her dress had always been blue calico, and an old fashioned Methodist bonnet. I said to her, Mother Cobb, you have been very particular about your dress, don't you think more so than necessary? "No, brother, *it pays, it pays.*" Her last words were, "Victory, victory, eternal victory."

CHARLES G. FINNEY.

I WILL commence this a few days after his conversion, and give his idea of Christian perfection and consecration. After his first baptism, he states on being left alone in his office: "My heart seemed to be liquid within me. All my feelings seemed to rise and flow out, and the utterance of my heart was, 'I want to pour my whole soul out to God.' The rising of my soul was so great that I rushed into the back room of my office to pray. There was no fire and no light in the room; nevertheless it appeared to me as if it was perfectly light. As I went in and shut the door after me, it seemed as if I met the Lord Jesus Christ face to face. It did not occur to me then, nor did it for some time afterward, that it was wholly a mental state. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I saw him as I could see any other man. He said nothing, but looked at me in such a manner as to break me right down at his feet. I have always regarded this as a most remarkable state of mind; for it seemed to me a reality, that he stood before me, and I fell down at his feet and poured out my soul to him. I wept aloud like a child, and made such confessions as I could with choked utterance. It seemed to me that I bathed his feet with my tears; and yet I had no distinct impression that I touched him, that I recollect. As soon as I became calm enough to break off from the interview, I returned to the front office, and found the fire I had made of large wood

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nearly burned out. But as I was about to take a seat by the fire, I received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it; without having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me; without any recollection that I have heard the things mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel impression, like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love, and I doubt not but I should say I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me one after another, until I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me. Lord, I cannot bear any more;' yet I had no fear of death.

"During this winter (1843), the Lord gave my own soul a very thorough overhauling and fresh baptism of His Spirit. This winter in particular, my mind was exceedingly exercised on the question of personal holiness; and in respect to the state of the church, their want of power with God. I gave myself to a great deal of prayer. I arose at four o'clock and generally spent the time in prayer until breakfast at eight o'clock. My days were spent, as far as I could find time, in searching the Scriptures. I read nothing else all winter but my Bible, and a great deal of it seemed new to me. The whole Scripture seemed to me all ablaze with light, and not only light, but it seemed as if God's Word was instinct with the very life of God.

"After praying in this way for weeks and months, the thought that I might be deceiving myself, when it first occurred to me, stung me almost like an adder. It created a pang that I cannot describe. The passages of Scripture that occurred to me, in that direction, for a few months greatly increased my distress. But directly I was enabled to fall back upon the will of

God. I said to the Lord, that if he saw that it was wise and best, and that his honor demanded that I should be left to be deluded and go down to hell, I accepted his will, and I said to him, 'Do with me as seemeth thee good.'

"Just before this occurrence, I had a great struggle to consecrate myself to God in a higher sense than I had ever before seen to be my duty, or conceived as possible. I had often before laid my family all upon the altar of God, and left them there to be disposed of at his discretion. But at this time that I now speak of, I had a great struggle about giving up my wife to the will of God. She was in very feeble health, and it was evident that she could not live long. I had never before seen so clearly what was implied in laying her, and all that I possessed, upon the altar of God; and for hours I struggled upon my knees to give up unqualifiedly to the will of God. But I found myself unable to do it. I was so shocked and surprised at this that I perspired profusely with agony. I struggled, and prayed and prayed, until I was exhausted, and still found myself unable to give altogether up to God's will, in such a way as to make no objection to his disposing of her just as he pleased. But, as I said, I was enabled, after struggling for a few moments with this discouragement and bitterness, which I have since attributed to the fiery dart of Satan, to fall back in a deeper sense than I had ever done before upon the infinitely blessed and perfect will of God. I then told the Lord that I had confidence in Him; that I was perfectly willing to give myself, my wife and family, all to be disposed of according to His own wisdom. I then had a deeper view of consecration to God than ever before. I spent a long time upon my knees considering the matter over, and giving up everything to the will of God; the interest of the church, the progress of religion, the conversion of the world, and the salvation or damnation of my own soul, as the will of God might decide. I went so far as to say to the Lord, with all my heart, that He might do anything with me or mine, to which His blessed will could con-

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sent; that I had such perfect confidence in His goodness and love as to believe He could consent to nothing, to which I could object. I felt a kind of holy boldness, telling Him to do with me just as seemed to Him good. So deep and perfect a resting in the will of God I had never before known. My mind settled into perfect stillness. I seemed to be in a state of perfect rest, body and soul. The question frequently arose during the day, 'Do you still adhere to your consecration and abide in the will of God?' I said yes, I take nothing back. Nothing troubled me. I was neither elated nor depressed; I was neither joyful nor sorrowful. My confidence in God was perfect; my acceptance of His will was perfect, and my mind was calm as heaven. Holiness unto the Lord seemed to be inscribed on all the exercises of my mind. My prayers were swallowed up in the will of God. Of course my mind was too full of the subject to preach anything except a full and present salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul was wedded to Christ in a sense which I had never had any thought or conception of before. That passage, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' meant so much. I could understand the prophet when he said, 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.'"

In another place he speaks thus: "I was satisfied that the doctrine of sanctification, in the sense that it was the privilege of Christians to live without sin was a doctrine taught in the Bible."

JOSEPH McCLELLAN.

I WAS what is called a "periodical spreer." I would go on a spree just as the appetite came on me; sometimes once a month—sometimes it would be three and even six months between my speers. It was seldom that I ever escaped when once the appetite for intoxicating drink got hold of me. I

would go on the spree for a week or ten days, or just as long as I could keep up. When no longer able to be about I would take to my bed, and would generally wind up with the *delirium tremens*. Twice I had what, among drinking men, is called the "double-breasted *mania potia*." I suppose twenty times I was just at the point of death, and recovered. My experience has taught me that there is no relief in any temperance orders, leagues or societies, for a man possessed as I was. I have resolved and resolved—taken the pledge in every form—was as honest in my intentions as a man could be: but, like poor Dick Yates of Illinois, when the tempter came I could not stand the pressure, and gave way. What sufferings, what anguish I had gone through! It makes me shudder even now to think of it. O, what tales of horror, what scenes I have passed through! I would have given thousands, had I had it, could some one have assured me that I could be saved from a drunkard's grave. I sought and obtained religion, at three different times—would run well for a season. I see now that there was no teaching Priest here: but I was led to believe by my teachers in the M. E. Church, that God would hide His face for weeks to try our faith. Alas for me! In those dark hours the enemy would come and take me captive at his will. The appetite would come back on me in all its force, and I would succumb to it.

Nearly five years ago I got up from a sick bed, after one of those terrible times of *delirium tremens*, I said, my God, is there no help for me? Must I wrap my soul up in the combustible ingredients of alcohol and go down to hell? The Spirit whispered, Yes, Religion. I shook my head, No, I have tried that. Again it repeated, You never sought deep enough. Glory to God! I began to study and ask God to teach me what this meant. I was led on by the Spirit. I began to inquire of those who I thought ought to know, if they did not think it was possible to be so close to God that we could escape those dark, dismal days and weeks. The answer was invariably, No. The Spirit all this time was teaching me better. God had,

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through faith and prayer again restored me to the joys of His salvation. I think I had been going on in this way for about three months, praying and groaning for sanctification, when I happend in a friend's house, in the country, and there providentially found an old copy of the EARNEST CHRISTIAN. I began to read in it without even knowing the title of it. O glory to God! I read several pieces in it—O, what a comfort! I looked at the lady of the house, and speaking as I felt, in an excited manner, asked her where she got the book. She was astonished at the way I spoke. She said a preacher by the name of Chesbrough had been preaching at the Nicklin school house, and distributed some around. I took the directions and sent right off for the book. I had never heard of the Free Methodists up to this time. I had the privilege of attending the first Oil City Camp Meeting. I have, for a long time, been in this narrow way. The best of all is, God has sanctified my soul, and for nearly five years there has been no desire in me to drink any intoxicating drink. That is what sanctification has done for me. God has completely—bless His name!—taken from me all appetite for liquor and tobacco. I am saved in the blood of the Lamb! Is it any wonder I love this narrow way! Surely I should be willing to take this way. O! it is such a delightful way, this way of holiness. What scenes of horror I could describe that I have witnessed in years that have gone by! None but those who have visited and partaken in the misery, mixed with what they call pleasures, in the low houses of New Orleans, Vicksburg, St. Louis, Louisville, and other cities of the South and North, can even imagine the acts of sin and misery that are indulged in in those places. I pity them away down in my heart; as many would quit these haunts of vice, but the worm has coiled himself around them. There is only one safe remedy, and that is, full and free salvation, and that continually. I had about forty years' experience in drinking, on and off. I could fill sheet after sheet of scenes I have passed through. *For nearly five years I have*

had glory in my soul every day! It is really astonishing to me to think of what I have gone through. Three years and four months I was in the army, in the front all the time. I would slip out of camp and go to places to obtain liquor, that I would not have done for a hundred dollars in gold, on account of the danger that was to be encountered from the enemy. It really astonished me to think that after spending thousands of dollars in degradation, and to fulfil the craving of an evil appetite, that God has saved me! O, Glory! I do praise the Lord that ever I found a people like the Free Methodists; who preach present salvation and entire holiness. Glory! I have within my heart all the time that glowing love of God. All the day long I feel His presence. I can truthfully say that I enjoy religion every day.

O, what joy, what peace, what love, when we are freed from the horrors of hell, I have felt; and how God's kingdom in my heart is established!

MRS. MARK HARRISON.

FROM a child I had great desires to lead a Christian life, and walk in the ways of God. At the age of twelve years death entered our home, and mother was taken from us. While she was dying, I promised to meet her in heaven, and immediately began to pray at the family altar, and tried to do right.

About one year from this time, a series of meetings were held in the M. E. Church. I remember that one night in particular I was weeping bitterly, when one of the sisters asked me to go forward: but I refused. Some days after this, while praying to my heavenly Father, a little light broke into my soul, and instead of holding on to God until I knew my sins forgiven, I stopped right there (just as many precious souls are doing to-day). A few days following this, the minister asked me, "Has Jesus blessed you?" I answered, yes. I then joined

the church on probation, and always attended the means of grace, and was always ready to give my testimony on the Lord's side the best I could. But I seldom prayed in public. I thought I had no talent for that cross. Oh, how many there are who stand on these grounds and do not use the one talent God has given them!

I was taken into full connection; and for more than two years I lived in that church with a form of Godliness, destitute of the Spirit and its power. Many looked upon me as being a Christian; but I doubted that I was one. All the time I was honest; but I could not tell what was the matter with me. Many times I wondered if one could know his sins forgiven; and I felt that I would gladly make any sacrifice to have that experience.

Now I can look back and see where the blind were leading the blind, and while thinking of it, it stirs me up to be very faithful in dealing with souls.

In 1873, God let His pure light shine upon my soul. Bro. Ellison and Cusick were holding a revival meeting. For days and nights I could not rest. I saw plainly that my heart never had been changed. Oh, how miserable I was! I wanted to be right, but the question was, can I pay the price? The narrow way with life everlasting, and the despised few on one side; on the other hand was the broad road with its multitudes, and a home at last with the lost. God makes no mistakes, bless His name. He set life and death before me, and my part was to choose which should be my portion. I counted the cost, and concluded it would pay me to live for God. The F. M.—s were cast out as not being fit for society, and many said no respectable person goes among them. The devil tried to persuade me that it would ruin my reputation, and that I never would be anybody again if I should go forward to get saved in their church. Then I thought to bring God to my terms, and talked to him like this: I will lay aside all my superfluous attire leave the choir, attend no more concerts, socials, donation parties.

and forsake all worldly amusements, if you will save my soul at home and not call me out from my own church. I was not then sixteen years of age, and it seemed like death to forsake the world, but Jesus asked me to leave nothing but sin. It was hard to give up my profession and acknowledge my true condition, but God held me to this point, praise His name, and gave me rest. Many said, "You are good enough; there is no use of being so straight;" but I had my light from God and felt *it's now or never with me*. What caused me to feel so I cannot tell, but I have thought that my call was so plain that had I not yielded then, years might have passed away before the Spirit would have awakened me in like manner, or I might never have been brought to God.

I shall never be able to praise God sufficiently for calling me to himself in youth. My convictions became so strong, and my burden so heavy, that at the close of about three weeks I was glad to go anywhere that my soul might be set free. The 10th night of January, 1873, I made my way to the altar, where I resolved, by the help of God, that though all friends should forsake me, and it should take my life, I would go through by "the way the holy prophets went." For two hours I knelt there and plead with God for help. I had a real struggle when one thing after another came up before me; but I was enabled to lay the last idol upon the altar, and when that was done the blood was applied, the victory came, and for the first time in my life I rejoiced in God the rock of my salvation. I went home. All was peaceful and calm.

When I arose in the morning, the enemy of all good did not forget me. He said, "You do not feel as happy as you did last night; that was only excitement and a great noise for nothing." I knew my heart was changed, but darkness covered the great deep of my soul all day. At night I attended service again, and the Lord gave me complete victory over temptation. I had made my vows. The next thing was to pay them. Salvation is conditional every time. I have seen many precious souls

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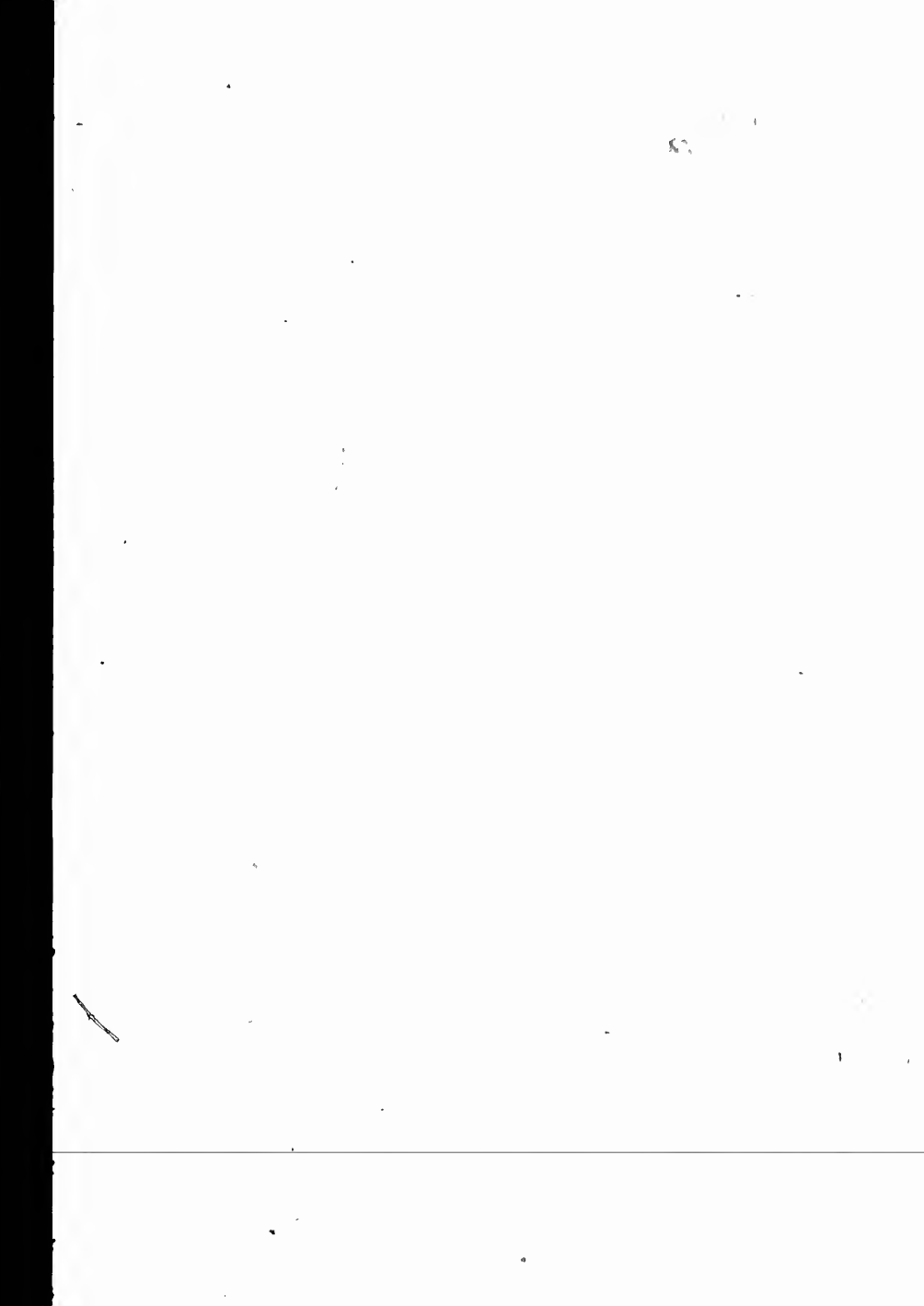
saved who afterwards failed to walk in the light. As a consequence they withered and died.

Immediately after my conversion I felt the need of holiness; and how many times since have I praised God (and do now praise Him) that He has raised up a people who preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in all purity. I had a continual fear of falling from a justified state. Not only this, but I realized the roots of bitterness rising up in my heart. As God led me, I consecrated. At last He asked me if I was willing to write a letter to one of my cousins, with whom I had had trouble, and make that right. I replied, Yes, Lord. One morning, not long after that (Feb. 25th), at the family altar, God did the work—sanctified my soul. I could apply that passage of scripture to my experience: "If the Son . . . shall make you free, ye shall be free, indeed" (John viii. 36). Satan did not assail me with temptation in regard to this work wrought in my heart. It was so clear that I could not doubt it. I had perfect trust in my saviour.

Immediately after receiving the blessing of holiness I was taken sick, and had not fully recovered when different members of our family were prostrated on beds of affliction. The letter mentioned above had not been written. Day after day passed and no opportunity presented itself. I longed for the time to come when I could make this wrong right, but my way was continually hedged up. At length the time came. I wrote the letter, and my soul was blessed, and my mind was much relieved. But Satan came in and said, "You did not write it soon enough," and on account of various temptations like this, being young in experience, I cast away my confidence and walked in darkness many days.

At a camp meeting held at St. Johns, in June, 1873, my soul was again set free in Christ; and for six years, my Heavenly Father has been leading me.

God has led me through deep waters, and in ways of which I knew nothing. Being very conscientious, the enemy of my



soul has many times taken advantage of this, for when walking in the light and obeying Jesus the best I knew how, I have cast away my confidence through temptation. 'Often have I wondered if any one else ever felt as I did. When I failed to find others with similar experience, I settled such matters with, "God knows." While these things which I write may not interest some, if one soul can get any encouragement from them, I shall be satisfied.

The past year has been one of many trials but blessed victories. I cannot begin to tell the consolation which I find in Christ; and with the poet I can say,—

"Every day I'm getting nearer
To my happy home above,
And the light shines brighter on my way;
And my soul is rising higher,
And it's filled with His love;
And it nears the realms of endless day."

I never have, since my conversion, wilfully withdrawn anything from the altar of consecration; but every week, month and year, I have been tasting of higher heights and deeper depths in Christ. New light has been continually shining in my soul all the way, and I have had to walk in it in order to enjoy salvation. The way has been getting narrower all the time, even until now.

I always have had a good home and those around me that I dearly loved. I have cared for some of them from their infancy, and I doubt not that but few have felt their responsibility as daughter and sister like myself, nor had a greater clinging to home; and when, in the past year, I have felt that my time there was short; that the harvest was great and the laborers few, I have thought, can it be? And not knowing which way I should be sent I just left it all with Him who doeth all things well. Surely God's ways are not our ways. I have proven them for higher than mine. And to-day I am perfectly satisfied with His dealings with me.

About six months ago I reconsecrated myself to follow God wherever He should lead me. Not but a few weeks since the testing-time came. I was called on to take a work which I believe God intended for me, but I thought the time had not come when I could leave my home. I remained there to the detriment of my soul. However, God was good to me and very soon let me see just what I had done. He knew as no other could, how I felt about this. I then humbled myself before Him and said, when the next place opens, I will go in Thy name. It is not hard for me to follow my Saviour when I know His will, but rather my soul delights in His service.

Four weeks ago word came for me to come to Musköka and care for the work. I knew the call was from God, and the language of my heart was—

“Lord, obediently I’ll go,
Gladly leaving all below.”

And my experience to-day is—

“Jesus calls me ; I am going
Where he opens up my way,
To the toiling of His vineyard,
Shrinking not a single day.
Friends may shun me, toils await me,
Care and sorrow be my lot ;
But I’ve chosen Christ my Saviour—
I am going, call me not.

When I received word from Bro. Sage to come to Brace-bridge, it looked like a great undertaking, for I never had taken such responsibility upon myself. I expected sister Hagle to accompany me, but when she failed to come, what was I to do? I had said, Anywhere, Lord! But what could I do alone? Then these words came to my mind: “I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.” The next difficulty which presented itself was my reputation. Well, (I thought), that belongs to God; I’ll not take it off the altar; and while

pleading to Him for help and reading the Word, I found these words: "Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, because of mine enemies; make Thy way straight before my face,"—Psa. v. 8. This was my prayer four days, and He did continually aid His helpless child.

The 17th of April I bid farewell to those that I dearly loved, and, Jesus leading the way, I started for Bracebridge, and arrived here the next day. On the 19th Bro. Sage organized a class of 32. Next day he left to work for the Master elsewhere. I was left among strangers, in a land of rocks and hills, to feed the flock and work for my Saviour. But I had a blessed rest in the One that had led me all the way. He raised up help and those that stand by the truth.

One week ago Sister Hagle came. We now have three appointments. God is with us and is giving us encouragement by saving souls and building up the believing children in the faith. Opposition is giving way, and although we have our persecution, victory is on Israel's side. I am consecrated to the will of my Redeemer, and can say of a truth—

"I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide."

Bracebridge, Muskoka, Ont.

SIDNEY BOWERS.

IN youth I was always a wayward boy. At an early age I broke away from home restraint, and sought the society of kindred spirits. At the age of eighteen I found myself on board of an American whaler, bound for the Okhotsk Seas. There is hardly one of God's holy commandments but what I had broken. Infidel doctrines were deeply seated in my mind.

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One night in mid-ocean, when we were tempest-tossed, and at the mercy of the wind and waves, a ray of light came over my benighted soul. A wicked and very profane man was swept out of the rigging into eternity. In the twinkling of an eye was the coming of the Son of man to his soul; and as he had lived, so had he died. Then quickly came this thought to me: If there is a hell, what is the doom of my comrade? Infidelity was swept away, God's Spirit was at work, and awful condemnation rested upon me. The terrors of hell had got hold on me. To drive away conviction, I would plunge still deeper into vice, until old sailors would upbraid me for my profanity, and almost shun me on account of my gross wickedness. But God's mercy that endureth forever was over me. On the Pacific coast the vessel was destroyed by fire, and after a short stay in that region, I started for home. A six months' cruise through dangers seen and unseen, brought me to my native land. Spared by a kind Providence, I once more saw my friends. The days and months of sorrow that I had given my mother had begun to tell on her wrinkled brow and silvery locks; and with childlike simplicity did she welcome the prodigal's return.

Now I was at home, with vices fastened upon me, and deep stains that sin had made, bound with fetters whose chains did clank, as from the bar-room to the gambling hell I would pass most of my time. Wilder and more giddy I became. Again I went away from home, still unsaved. Once more at home mixed up with associates of wild young men.

One night, for sport, more than anything else, I attended a revival meeting, and when the invitation was given to come to the altar, I found myself among the first on the way there, and was before God crying for mercy. Well, like a good many others, I was told so and so, and rocked in the cradle of carnal security by the church; taken on probation, and did try to follow Christ "in my weak way," instead of trusting all to God's strong way. Finally I got to following church members who

were not following Christ; and as the blind could not lead the blind, I fell into the ditch. I was again a follower of the devices of Satan, and yet I was not given over to that death that never dies. Through three years of service for my country, amid leaden hail and sickly carnage, I was spared. I promised God that I would serve Him. When I returned to my wife and child again the Spirit said to me, "Now pay thy vows." But "Pray have me excused," came from my lips, until a little one was stricken down and near to death. Then did I cry aloud, until God and the angel of death passed me by, and I knew that God's hand was in it all, to bring me to the foot of the cross. A few weeks rolled by, and I had taken no decided stand in public—had not moral courage to do so. A few pilgrims held meeting across the way from where I boarded. I was drawn over there one night by the Spirit. After being there a short time the devil prompted me to run, for fear I might move out among these fanatics, as the people were pleased to call them. Seeing no way of escape, although crucifying to the flesh, I asked the prayers of this peculiar people, and God did hear and answer. I went on my way rejoicing. As I walked in the light God blessed my soul. New duties were presented, new crosses to be borne, idols to be cast off. The light, as far as I received it, I followed, until the conviction came, "Cleanse yourself from all filthiness of the flesh." Then I faltered; then would I quote this passage, "Not that which entereth into the mouth," etc. In short, the house that had been swept was occupied by seven spirits more foul than the first, and according to the proverb, "The dog is turned to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Now followed the torments that always attend a back-slidden soul. I knew that I was crucifying my Saviour anew each day, and sealing my own doom for hell, and that I was trampling on light that would rise up against me in judgment. This state of feeling was simply terrible.

At last came deliverance in the form of a F. M. camp-meeting.

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which roused souls for action to battle for God and salvation. This nucleus formed themselves into a Daniel's band, making an array of four soldiers of the cross to hold the fort, with Jesus for their captain. They were not satisfied with being in a defensive attitude, but soon took the offensive, and carried the war into the enemy's country. There I was found, and fierce and long was the conflict, until seemingly the last call was made to me to yield. I cast my idols, myself, my all upon the altar. I gladly took up the cross where I had laid it down, and the fire came down to consume the sacrifice. A new song was given me to sing, and my heart was made glad over what God had done for me. I have been redeemed. O, glory to God. Jesus has bought me with blood, and I am His. He saves me from the sins of the world, from base appetites, from tobacco and rum, from the love of gambling, secret societies (I have belonged to three), and all that maketh a lie. Bless His name! And amid the summer drought my soul is watered from the fountain-head, and my God leadeth me out into green pastures, and beside still waters. None but the hand of God could have rescued me from the slums of hell and the road of death, and fixed my feet on Christ, the solid rock. And still there is more to follow. My wife has been given me to go this way. Her brothers and sisters are all Roman Catholics, but she goes this way with me. Our God is honored, and Jesus of Nazareth has the best room in the house, and the most honorable position at the head of the table. And when we go into the streets we do not lock him up at home, but he walks by our side. Therefore what need we fear what man can do unto us? God is on our side.

Nearly two years have I had my hand to the plough. I am not going to look back on the flesh-pots of Egypt, but ahead to the bright and morning star, which has arisen to my soul. I am willing to be used in any way that shall honor God. Whither my Master leadeth, there will I follow. Praise God, O my soul, and all within me says, praise the Lord!

W. R. BENKERT.

SIX years ago last August God forgave my sins. I soon learned that I could not stand alone, and needed encouragement, so I joined the M. E. Church and took an active part in the prayer and class meetings—too active for many of the formalists, for they used to warn me not to say holiness or speak of formality and coldness in the church. But this had no effect on me, and only encouraged me to look to Christ for strength. About this time God revealed to me that I was to forsake all and become a fisher of men. But like the young man whom Jesus told to sell all and follow him, I became sorrowful, for I was in a fair way to become rich. I kept the matter to myself, and prayed that God might excuse me and rid my soul from the impression, or impress it so mightily that I could no longer doubt His will. The more I prayed, the more it was revealed to me that when God calls to His work, we may know it as well as did Peter, James and John, and that we may understand that voice as well as did Paul when on his way to Damascus. So I, when God made this matter plain to me, asked advice of him who at that time pretended to be the shepherd of the flock to which I belonged. I went to his house, bound in spirit, expecting comfort and advice, and on inquiry learned that he was in his study, in a separate room in the rear of the church building. On entering the room I was almost strangled by a cloud of tobacco smoke. After a few remarks on the weather and the crops, he entered into a political conversation. All this time I hoped that he might drop the subject and ask me how my soul was prospering. However, after an hour's conversation, on everything but religion, he invited me to a game of checkers, which I declined. He then made the remark, "William, you are looking downhearted; is there anything the matter with you?" This was what I wanted, for I was young and

timid. I soon gave listening with me, this matter at it said: "C smoke." felt cond I yielded minister together he believed for it. and then would st I left; p when I in smok preacher trine af greater invest t come, a But, ble fight, H gwindle my fore Govern worm, life. I time to me, and the wr so I re

timid. Though I could scarcely plead my case for tears, yet I soon gave him to understand what the matter was. After listening to me for about five minutes, he began to sympathize with me, and said, "I see; but come, my boy, you are letting this matter worry you too much; there is a better way of getting at it than this." After pausing to light another cigar, he said: "Come, cheer up;" and passing the box, said, "Have a smoke." I hesitated for a moment, for since my conversion I felt condemned in using tobacco, and put it away. However, I yielded to the temptation, and finally concluded that if the minister was allowed the use of tobacco, why could not I; and together we filled the room with smoke; he then told me that he believed God had a work for me to do, and I should prepare for it. He advised me to take a theological course at college, and then to join the Freemasons, for, without this, he said, I would stand no show of getting a good position at conference. I left, promising to follow his advice, yet feeling worse than when I went to see him; for I had broken my vow, and sinned in smoking. However, I soon made preparations to go to some preacher's shop, and let them shape and mould me in the doctrine after their way. After spending three years and the greater part of my earnings at school, I decided to leave and invest the rest of my money in Freemasonry, that I might become, as the minister said, of some influence in the conference. But, blessed be God, in due season, when I cried unto Him for light, He let it shine, and delivered me from this abominable swindle, and showed me that I had the mark of the beast on my forehead—the mark of that beast that is controlling our Government, and has crept into the church, and like a canker worm, is eating out the very heart and destroying the light and life. I had spent nearly all my money, and thought it most time to go to work. I was willing to be led by Him who called me, and walked in the light as it shone on my pathway. I saw the wrong in the church, and wherein I was indulging in it; so I renounced secrecy and began to oppose freemasonry. I

soon saw that I had lost influence and incurred opposition, and was, from time to time, warned to beware. But, praise the Lord, whom the Son makes free is free indeed. After being in this state of things six years, I began to think I was not a Methodist. God, in due season, showed me the need of a reformation in the church, and that the true Methodist lives not in Egyptian bondage, but has already crossed the Red Sea, and is being led by a pillar of fire and fed on the manna of heaven. When, a year ago, I heard W. C. Thompson preach on holiness, I said, That is religion, and I felt there was more for me. Yet I had been educated in my church that justification was as far as we can advance, and was almost forbidden to call a better or higher experience holiness. But, blessed be God, I determined not to stop short of sanctification; and with the encouraging words that fell from Brother Baker's lips and others, I kept on searching and asking in the name of Jesus, and the 9th day of last Sept., at an altar service in the Free Methodist Church in this place, I received the blessing of holiness. This experience has cured me of the appetite for tobacco, taken away the last inclination towards secret societies, given me a perfect willingness and love for the Lord's service, taken me out of a cold, formal church, and given me a home with a people on whose banner is inscribed, "Holiness unto the Lord," and enables me to stand ready at the command of my Captain, to advance in this holy warfare.

MRS. L. C. EDELER.

I HAVE got it! Praise the Lord! He gave it to me at the Susquehanna Camp Meeting, held in the latter part of August by the Free Methodists. I had *professed* the blessing of sanctification for three years, and went up to the meeting expecting to teach, rather than to be taught; but O, how the

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Spirit began at once to show me that I had been brought to the light so that my own state might be made manifest. I saw that these dear saints possessed a power with God, and a living, inward salvation of which I knew very little, and that I seemed to have a dead sort of faith, more in my head than in my heart. I understood a great deal about it as a theory, but this very fact had in a manner helped to deceive me into having a form of Godliness without the power thereof. O, how the light shone upon my heart under the faithful sermons, exhortations and experiences. I have been enabled to read my experience backward, and see from whence I had fallen. I had been clearly justified somewhat near four years ago, and shortly after that, clearly sanctified; but I was not willing to let the Holy Spirit have his way in my heart, and I began to shrink from the crosses which he laid upon me. I very well remember the first one. It was very simple—only to praise the Lord aloud before my family. There were only two others present, my husband and a niece, both unconverted. A cloud of glory seemed to be above my head, corresponding to that which was in my heart, and O, how I wanted to shout aloud. There was so much of the Holy Spirit upon me that had I obeyed, I believe conviction or salvation would have fallen upon those in the room, but I shrunk; the timidity of my nature made me unwilling to make a spectacle of myself before them; yet, while I hesitated, I felt the glory departing, and, as if conscious of the danger of refusing, I cried inwardly, "Yes, Lord, I will;" it remained with me, but again I drew back. I was not willing to be made a fool of for Christ's sake. Gradually, yet quickly, the light died away, and where there had been brightness all was gloom. O, how my heart sank—it was quiet, cold and heavy; such a loss, such a withdrawing of the Spirit! O, how much I suffered for that first, resolute act of disobedience. I repented deeply, and prayed that it might be given again, so that I could prove my obedience. Pleading in the name of Jesus, my Father pitied me, and after a few days I was restored, and felt a glorious in-

fluence within. Other crosses of a like nature were presented, simple crosses given by the Spirit, and calculated to make me appear as a fool in the eyes of wise professors. I could not bring my stubborn heart to obey, and now I plainly discovered an unwillingness to yield myself fully to the Lord. My consecration had been tested, and the awful pride and self-will refused to be crucified. If at a meeting, praise the Lord arose to my heart and to my lips, I suppressed it, or said it would answer as well to say it to myself; and perhaps afterwards, feeling condemned, would kneel and offer a dry prayer to make amends; but it did me no good, for it was done in my own strength and manner. I had not learned that the Lord can do more with one Holy Ghost shout than when we fix things all up our own way, for then it is ourselves and not God. Naturally, in this way I grieved the Spirit and lost the indwelling joys of salvation. I did not have a complete inward deliverance from sin, and under provocation, I have spoken impatiently and harshly, and even when able to suppress any outward demonstration, I have felt an inward rising, and such a sense of inward dryness. This troubled me very much, and I kept looking to Jesus and claiming present help, and although I was generally kept so that others did not notice it, yet I knew there was not a complete deliverance; and I have since seen in a clearer light that where we are kept from yielding to sin; it is in a state of justification; but we must be entirely delivered from it if we profess to be sanctified. And now I can see that there were times when I was neither sanctified nor justified, for I yielded to sin, although I would afterwards repent and be forgiven.

Jesus often blessed me, and I had sweet seasons of communion in reading His Word; but it was not that constant indwelling of the Sanctifier, the well of water constantly springing up in my heart. And then I must say, although I want to say it in all charity, that I was helped to be kept in just this kind of a state by attending many of the meetings for holiness and hearing so much of the way of *naked faith*. Naked indeed? for it

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was without joy or power. Instead of inviting the searching Spirit, and calling to God for light to ascertain the cause of the loss of Power, every one seemed to be settled upon this platform: and instead of seeking light for myself, and getting down at the feet of Jesus and confessing, and being willing to be inwardly crucified so as to be filled with the joys of the Holy Ghost, I went in for, and tried to be contented with the idea of walking in this so called "naked faith." Indeed, the prevailing idea seemed to be that it indicated a higher state of grace to walk in darkness than in the light. We are then better able to test our powers of *holding on*, and I do not know but what in this case we are apt unconsciously to give the glory to ourselves for holding on, rather than to the grace of God which bringeth salvation. For myself, I found this way dangerous: it begets a pride of profession rather than an inward crucifixion by walking in the cross-bearing-way pointed out by the Spirit, and "naked faith" is used as a covering for loss of power, barrenness and the departure of the Holy Spirit, which has been-grieved away in some manner.

In this state of mind, the Lord opened the way for me to attend the Susquehanna Camp-meeting. He blessed me in preparing to go, and I felt as if I should get the light I needed; for during the past winter, I had often been under conviction of my inward lack. I felt willing to confess to a loss of power, but had no idea of the confession and humiliation required. After holding on my profession for so long a time, it was humbling to confess that I had lost the blessing of holiness; but I had been brought to the light, for whatsoever doth make manifest is light, and the Spirit clearly convinced me that I must get down—I must acknowledge that I was not *saved*. There were but two ways for me: one was to hold on to the form and return home a formalist, destitute of life and power, or to get a thorough work done in my heart—an inward salvation by the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Oh, I bless the Lord for the plain truth preached in plainness and faithfulness, not covered up and

smoothed over, for fear that it will hurt the people, but used as the Lord intends it shall be used as the sword of the Spirit, cutting down as a two-edged sword, and arousing dead professors as well as careless sinners.

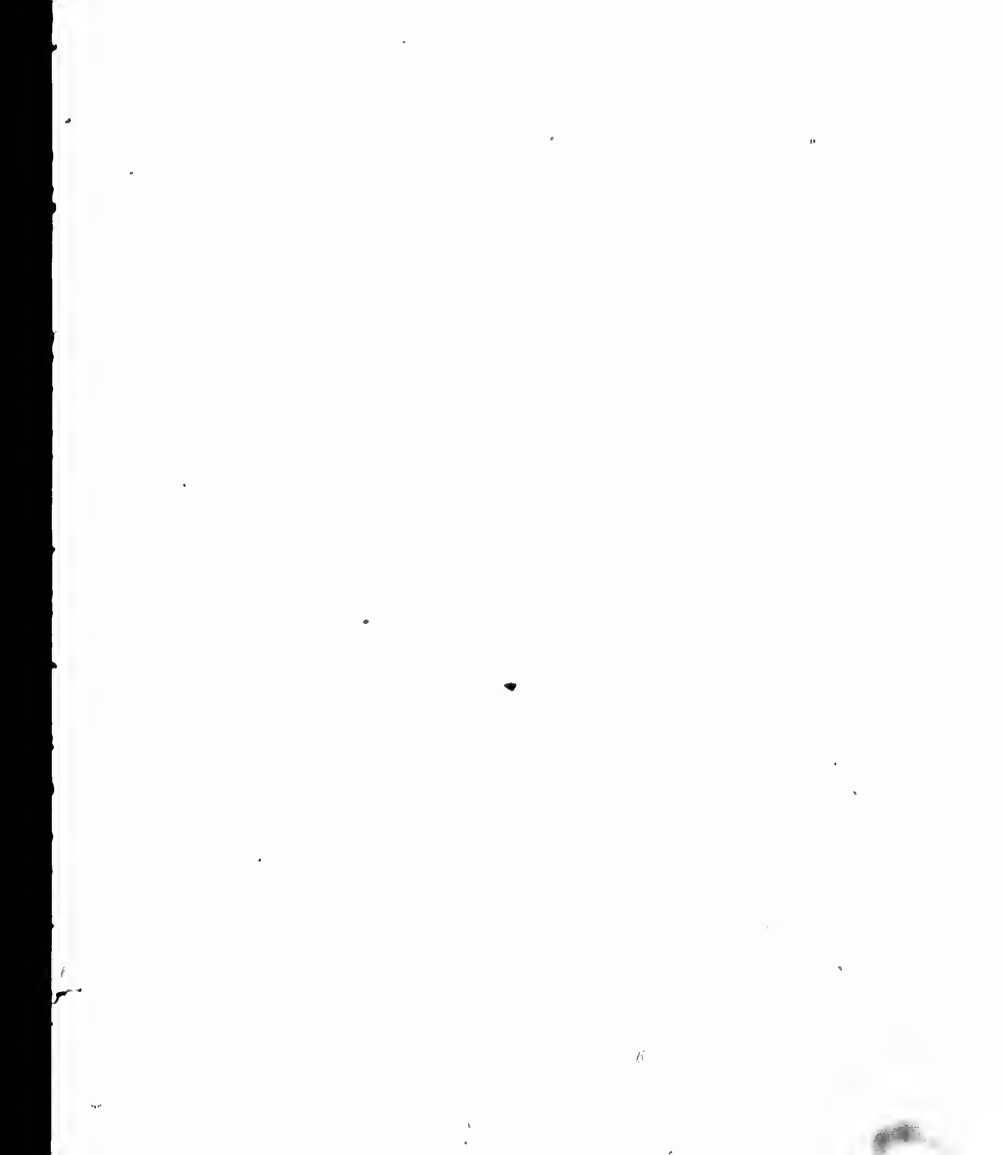
I was very sweetly blessed at one of the tent prayer-meetings, and was tempted to rest in that, but I have reason to believe that then Jesus appeared as my justifier, forgiving me for all past sins. I continued to seek with all my heart, my convictions became deeper and deeper, until in an agony of soul I felt ready to tell the Lord that I would rather die than not get the blessing I wanted. I dreaded to return home in that state: I said I must have it, I cannot live without it. I was attacked by the temptation that I was doing nothing for others—that I should be laboring for sinners; but O, how I turned from my own efforts in loathing and despair, and got down on my face before the Lord, feeling that I was not in a state to pray for others, and that I must not be diverted from the one point, and that I must hold on to God for that until I got it; and then I promised that I would devote my whole life to His service. O, how much deeper a consecration I made, how I promised obedience, to take up every cross—that if I might only receive the Holy Spirit I would follow its leadings. It was shown to me where I would have to make confession when I returned home—confession of having been in a backslidden state of heart, of having compromised in a great degree with the world, as having lost grace. I had not always clear convictions of what was right and wrong,—that I must confess to my husband that I had not been always fully saved at home, and had spoken impatiently to him, and tell him the reason; I had not always obeyed God, and saving grace had been withdrawn. I gave myself up to do the will of the Lord, and made not a wholesale but an entire consecration, laying one by one every thing and every body upon the altar, rejoicing to part with them all for Jesus' sake. The day before the meeting broke up, at the sacrament service, I found great peace, a blessed consciousness that my consecration

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had been accepted, and Jesus sweetly revealed Himself to me as my living Saviour who received me. I was glad to get down at His feet in both humiliation and rejoicing, and yet I felt that the work was not done. I believe He then cleansed my heart, but I continued to cry to Him, for I felt the need of being filled with the Spirit, and at this time He plainly revealed Himself as a Saviour who gave gifts unto men. He shewed me that He had a blessing for me. I felt confident, after this, that I would not go home without the baptism, and I continued to look to Jesus and expect it every moment. That night being the last, there was to be prayer-meeting till morning, and I went with a confident expectation that I should receive it. I think I lay on my face before the Lord from twelve till six. While there Jesus gave me His promise: "I am He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and fire." They were His own words. I believed them, and lay there holding on to God, and waiting for the fulfilment of them in my heart. But as I was the only one seeking the full baptism, and there were many others in the tent, there was but little definite prayer for that object. The morning dawned, the time for the parting services arrived, and soon after we parted from the dear pilgrims.

That evening there were a few of us remained over night with Bro. S., in Windsor. While at the tea table my convictions of my inward need returned with greater force than ever. I tried to suppress my feelings, but feared that I would grieve the Spirit. I had always been afraid of making much noise, and tried to do everything up in a genteel, nice sort of a way, but my pride was all taken down: I was glad enough to cry to the Lord for what I needed, not that I now thought there was any virtue in a great noise, but I would not quench the Spirit by suppressing the cries forced from me in my agony of soul, and which I now believe was the Spirit making intercession for me with groanings which could not be uttered. A few dear saints gathered around to have a season of prayer: it was



quickly answered, and as I sank down looking unto Jesus, He came into my heart with His fullness. I knew that He was doing the thorough work in my heart, and as I was quieted before Him I could say, "Lord, Thou art doing the work." I distinctly realized the refining fire. O, what a consciousness of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. It appeared to me at the time as if I was burnt out. I felt as if my experience was contained in the first four verses of the third chapter of Malachi, and when I arose, how confidently I could say, Now I *know* I have salvation. Jesus' blood doth cleanse me now. How sweet it was to lay my head that night upon my pillow, and to arise in the morning with the consciousness of an indwelling Saviour. I felt as if I wanted to say to every one, "I have got it! Bless the Lord!"

JULIA M. GOULD.

I RECEIVED it last night! It descended upon me till it seemed I was one flame of fire all through, soul and body. Hallelujah! Ever since the Garden Prairie Camp-meeting, last September, the Lord has been trying to lead me into the light which I have now received. But as I saw the severing knife which would separate me from what seemed to me *all* my remaining *comfort* here below, there was a shrinking in my heart. Had I been satisfied that the light which I saw was from God I should have taken it regardless of consequences. But, oh! I now see how small a matter will dim our spiritual eyesight, so that the Lord cannot lead us. If there is a remaining desire in our heart to go any particular way, we cannot understand the leadings of the Spirit. I see now there is everything in keeping the eye-salve applied that makes our eyesight clear. Glory! From the time I have above referred to, I have felt a want of power with God and with the people. And now I see I so little realized the extent of that want at that time. I felt all the while I had this testimony that the blood of Jesus

cleanseth from all sin, and I received many rich blessings from God. But, oh! I lacked the *clearness* of experience. Sometimes I was under the necessity of guessing duty. My mind was not centered in God constantly. There was not all the while direct communication between my soul and Him, so that at times I received from others, and endorsed or tried to, that which was not the real bread from heaven. I responded to testimonies which now I see were not inspired by the Spirit. Then God began to show me more clearly than I ever saw it before, it meant a great deal to be *honest* with my own heart, with my brethren and sisters, and with God. I saw that if we dealt with every one with whom we met, as we would if we knew our next meeting would be at the bar of God, and that within an hour's space, we would begin to understand the passage to heaven is not on flowery beds of ease; we should understand it means something to say,

"I'll bear the toil, endure the pain."

There would not be the multitude to speak well of us, and many of those whom we should expect to stand by us would turn coldly away. But this was the track and I was *bound* to take it. I commenced fasting and praying and giving myself wholly to seek for the clear light that I might know the way God had marked out for me. While thus waiting before the Lord, He sent Bro. J—— in: at once it came so clear to me that I was to go home with him, I did not know why, but the Spirit said, go, and I said, *I will*. As I started, such light broke upon my soul. I saw the pillars of fire moving before me, and an assurance came into my heart, this is the *right track*. I responded, "*I take it, Lord, thrust in the separating knife.*" I did not then understand what the Lord was going to do with me, but I knew the voice was the voice of God and I would obey. I could not tell brother J—— where I stood, neither would the Lord let him say much to me, but "look up and get blessed." Oh! those words would go through my soul like living fire, and I would cry out, "O, God! what does this mean?"

Then the light shone, I saw I had not endorsed brother J——'s testimony, and that of two or three others at our meetings, as I ought to have done. I felt every time they testified they touched the salvation key, and I wanted to shout glory! but the devil was determined I should not, and held me back. But now I saw I was going to be delivered from this power. One thing that powerfully convinced me that I must take the same track as brother J—— had taken was this: God came down in such awful power around his family altar, at morning, noon and night; Oh! it was wonderful beyond description. I was compelled to cry out, "O, God, I never saw it on this wise before." The power and glory of God were so manifested that the entire house was lit up with unearthly light, and the atmosphere I breathed was the balmy breezes wafted from the other shore. Oh, Glory! I referred to the track brother J—— had taken, which I will explain. I can give it in a very few words, viz.; dealing *honestly* with *every one*. This has caused the devil to rage fearfully, but, glory! some are getting saved. It is the only way to heaven. The baptism of fire descended upon us every time we bowed around the family altar, and for the past two weeks this house has been a pool of troubled waters to tempest-tossed souls. The Lord is sending some here every day to step in, and, glory to God! they come out whole. O, the *living fire!* The devils cannot stand before it. They fear, and fly. Hallelujah! I see the track, and am going through this way. It is rugged, but it is glorious.

One thing more I wish to insert to the glory of God. After I received this light the Lord showed me He would restore me to health if I went forward and obeyed Him *fully*. I promised I would obey; laid aside my medicine, God touched my body, and I was restored *perfectly whole*. All glory to God, and the Lamb forever! My soul is filled with inexpressible glory. Oh! I never had such *clearness* in my experience before. I can understand the leadings of the Spirit every time. He leads me in a plain path. I never had such burdens for souls before.

and such faith to pray for them, such power to help them. Oh, such love for them! Language fails me to describe what this *baptism of fire* is. I can truly say, "It is more than meat and drink to do my Master's will." The bread upon which I am living, seems to be sufficient for soul and body. My work lies before me. I see it and am going forward.

MRS. M. A. BORDEN.

I NEVER had religious parents to teach me the way of salvation. I attended the Presbyterian Sabbath school until I was thirteen years old. At that time the Methodists were not as popular as they are now,—and my father, being a proud-spirited man, would not allow his children to attend their meetings. When I was thirteen years of age, Bro. Clark was holding a protracted meeting in the village of Camillus, and while there, the Holy Spirit touched my heart. I trembled exceedingly, and wished some one would ask me to go to the altar; but no one took notice of a little girl like me. I went home, feeling sad; but with a strong desire to go again. If my father had a favorite among his children, I was that one. I persuaded my father to let me go to meeting the next night. I went, and as soon as an opportunity was given, I went forward, and that night the Lord converted my soul so powerfully that, during the twenty-nine years that have elapsed since, I have never doubted it for one moment. That day I had scalded my hand very bad, and while praising God, I rubbed my hand, until it was perfectly raw; but the power of God healed my hand so that the next day I could put it in hot water, without experiencing any pain; and it never pained me afterwards. The evening I was converted, some brethren and sisters went home with me. We had a season of prayer, and my father seemed penitent. I asked my parents' forgiveness for all I had ever done wrong, which they both readily granted. As soon

as the brethren and sisters had gone an evil spirit took possession of father, and he treated me with cruelty; but the Lord kept the blows inflicted from hurting me. He then disowned me, and in that bitter cold night he turned me from his house. But when my father forsook me, the Lord took me up, and provided me a home in a minister's family. In a few days my father came after me. I went home with him; he seemed sorry, and told me I might go to the Methodist meetings. I went and soon joined the church on probation. When my father heard of it, I was at a prayer-meeting, which lasted till nearly midnight. It was a cold, bleak January night. When I got home, my father had retired to bed; but when he heard me come in, he arose, and came into the room, much enraged, and, calling me a Methodist, he ordered me to leave his house, and without giving me time to get my hat or shawl, he opened the door, he pushed me out, forbidding me ever entering his house again. It was midnight, and I knew not what to do. I went into the back yard, and crawled into an old cupboard. I shut the door, and lay down, and went to sleep, as comfortably as I would in bed. Some may think this strange; but I had the fire of God's love in my heart, and the Lord kept me from being cold, as he did the Hebrew children from the power of the fire when cast into the furnace. The Lord kept me sweetly all the while. My father was willing I should unite with the Presbyterian church; but the Lord had given me a home among the Methodists, and I chose to serve God rather than man. I was no longer a pet with my father; but I had become a lamb in the fold of Christ, and I had to suffer some, as Paul did. I suffered stripes and imprisonments; for I was shut up in a dark room two days and nights, with but very little to eat. Many times was I turned from home; but the Lord gave me friends, and amid all these things I was happy, and grew strong in the Lord, much faster than I have done since, when the sea of life has run smooth.

When I was nineteen years old I was married; but my hus-

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hand knew nothing of the saving power of the grace of God. I had held to my profession; but I had lost my power with God. The Holy Spirit followed me. I had no real peace till I again sought and found pardon, and soon the Lord gave me my husband to go with me. Oh, how changed was our home then! Our house then became a house of prayer. In the year 1847, at a camp-meeting, the Lord gave me the blessing of holiness. I felt that I was clean, through the blood of the Lamb. I was a new creature in Christ.

"Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song."

I wanted to proclaim it to the world; but after I got home, fear of some of the older ones in the church, that did not believe such a blessing attainable, crept into my heart, and I failed to acknowledge before them what great things the Lord had done for me, and I lost the blessing. My light became darkness, and Oh! how great was that darkness! But again the Lord forgave me, and restored unto me the joys of a full salvation. For three years I walked in the light of God. It pleased the Lord at times to let such a weight of glory rest upon me, that this body would sink, and I would be lost to all but God. This stirred some of my friends to be tried with me, and I began to wish for a smoother way; for I loved my friends, and I resisted the power of God, and again I lost the blessing. I thought then I was lost; I was wretched beyond expression. Oh, I would have given the world, were it at my disposal, if it would have given me back my peace; but I did not give up wrestling with God; and after some years, the Lord would bless me at times; but I did not enjoy the fullness. I was like the sea, which sometimes gets angry, and foams, and sometimes is quiet. I was a formal professor. I loved fashion, and the applause of men. I was anxious to get this world's goods; but when we had collected some of earth's treasures together, the Lord permitted them to be taken from us. I found the

way of the transgressor was hard, and again I sought for mercy, but this time the Lord gave me to count the cost more than ever before. I had to lay aside the world and the love of fashion. I had to be willing to be crucified in any way, and dare to be right and dare to be true everywhere. I had to be willing to be peculiar for Christ's sake. Here I found a shrinking; but the Lord helped me. I was troubled with a disease of the heart. I would fall down like one dead. My friends deemed it unsafe to leave me alone. The doctor advised me to keep away from lively meetings, and not get excited about anything; but in April, 1866, the Lord again cleansed my heart. Glory be to God! I felt the healing power all through my entire being. I felt as if I was transparent. I was emptied of every unholy thought and desire, and I was filled with glory and with God. Sometimes He gives me that joy that is unutterable and full of glory. He removed this disease of my heart, and I have never felt a symptom of it since. Of our eight children, the Lord has converted six. Some of them have gone after the world again; but I believe the Lord will give us all our children to go with us. He is not slack concerning his promises. I have had joys and sorrows; but the Lord is leading me beside still waters, and into green pastures; and when adverse winds blow, and storms howl, and threatening thunders roar, and huge billows rise and dash against my frail bark, I can calmly sit, and feel that my Father is at the helm—my anchorage is sure. Glory to God! my all to Christ I've given, and He now accepts me. Glory to God! I press my Bible to my bosom, and I've got religion in my soul. I fear no evil, for Christ is my shepherd, and Heaven is my home.

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G. R. OLIVER.

ABOUT two years before my conversion, my eyes were opened to the painful and unwelcome fact that I had become an habitual drunkard, and was at that time but little short of the gutter. I had contracted the habit from selling and tasting liquors kept in the drug store for sale; the terrible monster had fastened his slimy coils around me ere I was aware of it; and many times did I resolve never to touch it again, but just so often did I fall. I could see my danger, but could not avert it; and so determined was I to hide my disgrace, that my most intimate friends or my wife were not aware of the fearful grasp in which I was held by the monster demon. Many times have I compounded medicines for the sick when the greatest accuracy was required, while reeling under the influence of strong drink.

Many times have I staggered home at a late hour, purposely waiting until my wife had retired, for my heart would sicken and sink within me when I would think of the possibility of her knowing the depths of my degradation. Resolution after resolution would fail. I discontinued the sale of liquor in the drug store even for medical purposes; this, too, failed. I would go to the saloons and drink, and buy it by the bottle. With grief and sorrow did I behold my situation. I felt that something must be done or I was lost.

About this time there was a Good Templar's Lodge organized in Pacheco. Hope once more filled my breast. Anxious to break the demon chains that bound me, and save my family from the dregs of a bitter cup, I joined the Order as a charter member; but, oh! how often are we disappointed when trusting in human weakness; for in this I not only failed, but perjured myself by breaking my pledge; thus taking one more step in

the depths of degradation, and adding one more sin to the already black list of what the world, as well as myself, call a strictly moral man ; and thus it was when God, in His infinite mercy, found me and set my soul at liberty. But hark ! dear reader, can you imagine my surprise and delight when I realized the blessed fact, that God, in pardoning my sins, had taken away my appetite for strong drink ? From that hour to this, all glory be to God ! not one drink have I taken ; and, thanks be to His holy name, He keeps me from the temptation :

Dear reader, are you intemperate, has the viper fastened his deadly coils around you ? If so, go to Jesus—it is your only hope. He will save you when you cannot save yourself. Do not put your trust in temperance lodges, they will not save you ; you will only break your pledge and sink deeper in the mire, as thousands of good, moral men have done before you. Shun them as you would a viper ; the fruits of their past labors have been to disappoint men and raise up a nation of perjurers. You can count them by thousands, who have degraded themselves by breaking their pledge ; yet you will find some of these lodges officered and attended by those who are professed Christians, eager to accept and initiate the most abandoned cases, while they are aware that the great probabilities are that the candidate will perjure himself before the light of another morning. Christian friends, refrain from a sin so revolting. The past years' experience shows beyond a doubt, that the more you institute, the more liquor there is drank ; and the more candidates you initiate, the more perjurers we have in our midst. You cannot successfully deny it. Look around you ; the facts are in sight. It matters not whether the lodge goes down or you withdraw from it, you violate your obligation just the same, as it is well known that the obligation is life-long. Christian friends, if you want to save the inebriate from a drunkard's grave, lead him to Christ, who alone can take away his appetite for strong drink ; it is his only hope ; it is all he needs.

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A short time after my conversion I became satisfied that the use of tobacco was a dirty, irreligious habit; that it would be to the glory of God to stop the use of it altogether; for we are taught that all things must be done to the glory of God. Now, I believe all respectable people do admit that the use of tobacco is a filthy habit; and I positively assert that no one can glorify God by being filthy. Do not squirm, Christian brother, the load is upon you—you cannot shake it off; you must carry the guilt or quit the tobacco.

At the time referred to above, I was forty-three years of age, and had used tobacco thirty-three years, having commenced its use when about ten years old; and during all these years had used it to excess. To quit its use I expected a hard struggle, and perhaps a long spell of sickness, for it had become almost a second nature. But I laid aside my tobacco, and asked God to help me, and He did, and most graciously too; for He not only preserved my health, but He took away my appetite altogether for tobacco, so that I experienced little or no inconvenience in quitting a habit that I had often tried hard to quit before, but failed every time. It has now been about two years since I quit its use, and I have not the slightest taste or desire for it. God be praised for His power to keep us from our carnal appetites!

Soon after I quit the use of tobacco I became much impressed with the fact that God required me to sever my connection with Pacheco Lodge, No. 117, of the Independent Order of Oddfellow, where I had been a devoted member for several years. I had passed through the chairs and reaped what we were disposed to call its honors, and like many others, had settled down in the belief that if a man was a good Oddfellow that he was a good Christian; and I believe that hundreds of good, moral men are to-day laboring under the same delusion. Never was there a greater delusion. Oddfellowship will save no man from his sins. They may claim to be charitable; they may claim and practice morality; but the religion of Jesus Christ is not

taught; and Paul tells us that there is no other name under heaven whereby we must be saved. Nothing but the change of heart, so beautifully described by our Saviour to Nicodemus, in the third chapter of the Gospel by Saint John, will save you or me, dear reader, from our sins.

I became more and more impressed each day that it was my duty to withdraw from the Order, which I did, on 17th of July, 1877. I have been asked my reasons for withdrawing from the Order. My reasons are many; but the one above stated is sufficient, if there was none others, viz.: that hundreds are putting their trust in Oddfellowship instead of putting their trust in God. For I am fully persuaded that there are very many who believe that if they live up to the teachings of the Order, that it is all that is required of them. Dear soul, do not be deceived. Again I say there never was a greater mistake.

What are the promises or the hope of a blessed eternity offered you by the teachings of Oddfellowship? I answer, nothing. You cannot put your finger on a single promise of eternal life. Dear friend, if that is your only hope, you are lost. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." "He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." This is what Jesus says. This is the way, and the only way, to eternal life.

When I left Plumas County, ten years ago, I left debts behind which I really could not conveniently pay at the time I left, and told my creditors so, and agreed to pay them at some future time. But these debts, I, for some time, tried to make myself believe that, for some reasons, I had no right to pay. Year after year rolled by, and each year I found that I was less inclined to pay. Finally I argued with myself that they were long since outlawed; the parties were all better of than I was. I had a great deal of bad luck, and was yet unable to pay. Thus it was that I was reasoning with myself when Almighty

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God convinced me that I was a wretch undone. Then it was that these debts, like mountains of guilt, arose before me; and not until I had promised Almighty God that I would pay off these debts, according as by His will He might prosper me and enable me to do so, that He let the light of His love shine in upon my soul. I have in my possession, at the present moment, receipts covering the whole of these debts, except one small account owing to a party whose whereabouts at present is unknown to me, although I have made inquiry for him. Dollar for dollar was not paid in the payment of some of these debts, but enough to satisfy the demand. Some of the parties being surprised, and seemingly awe-struck, at the idea of a man paying old debts that had been outlawed for ten or twelve years, kindly relinquished part of their claim and gave receipts in full; but some of these debts have been paid dollar for dollar, the whole amounting to something over four hundred dollars.

E. J. COLBORN.

I WAS born in Ohio, in 1848. I was not blessed with praying parents. My mother had *tried* to be a Christian; my father was a Universalist, but he found that Universalism would not do to go to judgment with. At the age of five years I first formed my attachment for strong drink. When I was playing with another boy, a rum-seller, to satisfy his lust for money, got us into his tavern, and made us all drunk, and from that time on, I became a slave to this appetite. I was born with the appetite in my body, and I loved the saloon so well that the sight of wine made me glad. At or near the age of fourteen, myself and several others of my associates (I being the youngest) were engaged in a game of cards, and drinking in a saloon, where I would frequently be found, while my mother was hunting her lost boy, and it was suggested by myself that we go to meeting, and see the Methodists act fools

We went, feeling a large degree of hellish influence within us. I became much interested, and thought all the preacher said was meant for me, and that I did not like. When the preacher began to exhort, my soul seemed lost. I began to sink lower and lower, until I saw that there was no getting away, and I flew to Jesus, hardly knowing what I was doing. I soon found myself at the mercy-seat, seeking relief. When in the moment I needed help, it seemed I was gone; language cannot describe the darkness and agony of my soul, but in my darkest moment, a brother came to me, and said, "The darkest hour, my boy, is just before daybreak." Those words seemed to strike the blow, and the cloud bursted; and O, what light came to my soul! And then joy and halleluiahs came bursting forth at will. Glory be to God for ever and ever! my sins were all gone. Thus I lived for four or five years, when I was tempted by a desire to see if I had lost all taste for tobacco, and in that moment I willed to tempt God, I fell, and the old desire came in as strong as ever, and from that time on, I went into sin seven-fold worse than before. In the fall of 1876, at a protracted meeting, I was again found of God, and, after a severe struggle, reclaimed from my backslidden state. Glory to God!

Soon after this my wife and I went to Illinois, and on arriving there, we soon met some people called *Holy People*, and I heard them say that God could save a man from the appetite for rum and tobacco; and they also said the carnal mind could not only be subdued, but entirely removed. This seemed to me a bad doctrine—to take that away would destroy life, I thought. I concluded they were honest but deluded. I began to show them how they could *grow* into the experience they talked about; but they said they had it, and that I was behind time. So I got hold of the Zinzendorfian doctrine, but found that it did not take away these appetites, which I wished to be delivered from. I saw that I was losing ground, and concluded to let them alone. I then went to the best authors to get light on the subject. I read Wesley, Fletcher, Watson and others,

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and found that their views substantially agreed with those *Holy People*. So I made up my mind to go to God, and I went. I continued seeking a pure heart for four long months. It took me a long time to get to the proper place where I could believe, but when I got on believing grounds, which was the 4th day of August, 1877, down came the power, and the Holy Ghost wonderfully filled my soul, and satisfied the whole. Glory be to God for ever! I thought I had received big blessings before, but never had I obtained a blessing that did for my soul what that one did. From that moment until now, I have never been troubled with carnal appetites and desires. I have been wonderfully saved from drinking, card-playing, rum-selling, running billiard halls, attending shows, playing in theatres, horse-racing, and other such like sins. O, Glory be to God for ever and ever! He is worthy of all the praise.

REV. WILLIAM FELL.

MY life, previous to my conversion, was one of wickedness. I was a slave to my passions, and the devil led me "captive at his will." Early in my life I acquired the use of tobacco in all its forms—smoking, chewing and snuffing—also, drinking and gambling. Night after night would be spent in the low haunts of vice and iniquity. My temper was fearful in the extreme. When provoked, I would rage and curse like a madman. The older I grew, the worse I became, and the devil seemed to be winding his chain tighter and tighter around me. I would not for a moment entertain serious thoughts of the future, but would plunge deeper and deeper into sin. Night after night, and Sabbath after Sabbath, would find me around the gambling table, drinking, carousing, and at times, fighting. Finally, God, in His infinite mercy, interposed and arrested me by His Spirit, in the silent watches of the night. I dreamt

I was shot, and I felt myself dying without hope, and I cried out, "O, God! give me one more chance, and I will seek Thee." But, to my happy surprise, it was a dream, yet it followed me until I yielded to Christ and got saved. The first opportunity I had I went forward to an altar and sought the Lord, and two weeks after, all alone in my father's store, I fell down on my knees and cried out, "O, God! settle this matter," and quick as a flash, my load of guilt left me, and such peace took possession of my soul that I was afraid to move, and all I could say was, "Oh, precious Jesus! precious Jesus! Now I know what I am living for. Glory to God! glory to God!" I retired to rest, all the while exclaiming, "Precious Jesus!" and suddenly Jesus appeared to me as plain as any living person, and such a thrill of joy went through me. I screamed, shouted, laughed and cried. I was ravished with the presence and glory of Jesus. I was a changed man through and through—a new creature in Christ Jesus. All my habits left me. All taste and appetite for tobacco and liquor was gone. Individuals I once hated, I loved now. Old debts were paid, wrongs made right; as fast as I came to them I would make confession and retribution. It was glory all through my soul. I was on Pisgah's Mount. All went well for months; but finally, under provocation, the roots of inbred sin were stirred, and I was reminded that there was something there that was not right, a principle that was in opposition to God. Once in a while I would feel it moving. O! what pain it gave me. I would weep, groan and cry for a full deliverance. The more I struggled, the worse it seemed. It appeared as if all the corruption and depravity of my heart would overwhelm me, and I began to abhor myself and feel I was the meanest, unworthiest creature living, and then I felt myself sinking down, out of sight of myself and every one else, until I could feel the liquid fire of God's love going all through me, purging, and cleansing, and making me clean. O, glory be to God for a clean heart!—"Holiness unto the Lord" is stamped on my soul.


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the precious blood of Jesus Christ cleanses my heart from all sin, and from the least desire to commit sin. Temptations come thick and heavy, strong suggestions from the enemy come, but, thank God, there is no disposition to yield. The devil comes and finds nothing in me, none of his old furniture is left. Jesus Christ sits on the throne of my heart and sways His sceptre of divine love, and there is "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." And unto Him who has loved me and washed me from my sins in His own blood, be all the glory both now and forever. Amen.

MRS. POLLY E. HENRY.

 AT the age of twelve years the Lord forgave my sins, and I was made to rejoice in His love. From an infant, my prayers were said on going to rest; but now prayer was praying in earnest, which was kept up for six months with close communion with God. The remainder part of the year secret devotion was neglected, consequently the blessed Spirit was not with me to own and bless, but to chide and convict, and from that time I made no profession, nor was blessed in my soul. But the Spirit of the Lord was continually following after me, and when doing or saying any wrong, my conscience would smite me terribly. At seventeen, I was seriously wrought upon, but did not yield. From that time, my attention was given to the world, attending places of amusement. I was a great sinner. For years my mind was more on the vain things of this life than death and the judgment. All this time I seldom retired to rest without the voice of God saying, "repent!" O, praise His name for His mercy that endureth forever! When a married woman, settled in life with two boys large enough to go to school and Sunday school, the Lord in His mercy and loving kindness, began working on my heart, and gave me in all my rebellion and procrastination, a yielding, melting spirit,

and again I gave myself up to my dear Saviour. Glad, yet with tears, did I embrace Him who had died for me, had borne with me, and was now so precious to me. Bless His Holy name! The Baptists kindly took me up. I was baptized and united with the church, and took my letter the day that I joined, and myself and family moved from that place the next morning (Clymer, Chan. Co., N. Y.) We went to Southern Mich. and stayed in Sherwood, Branch Co., seven years. We were there two years without having the society of Christians, we being among strangers. The people were all Sunday visitors, and no church near; but the Spirit did not leave me comfortless. My Father in heaven had watched over me too long to leave me now, and I was enabled to keep up the family altar alone, my affectionate husband being an unprofessor. I even look back now and say, to the glory of God, that through those two years, deprived of the company of them that kept Holy Day, that I grew in grace and knowledge of heavenly and divine things, and could sing,

“Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God.”

About this time the Master led out a few of His followers to teach the doctrine of holiness. I went to hear them. The axe was laid at the root of the tree: every evil, both private and popular, were cast out as soul-damning; and a religion that saves from sin was held up before the people—the real salvation—glory to our God! *Holiness of heart*; the doctrine was new to me, but I drank it in. Bro. John Ellison was the first that I heard preach a holiness sermon. Bro. E. P. Hart had passed through and preached, and there was a revival, and souls were freed from sin.

The first sermon spoken of I went forward to the altar for the blessing of a pure heart; but I had not the light yet; it seemed that it was for the minister and his wife. I did not doubt they enjoyed it, but for one, so unworthy as myself, it seemed too great a boon. Accordingly I went away without the

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bleſſing. At the time of this revival, thoſe peculiar people, the Free Methodiſts, commenced building a church in our neighborhood. The bleſſed Spirit kept leading me, and helped me to labor with my hands and heart toward the building—my huſband alſo working. The church was finiſhed in Sept. At the dedication there were a good many miniſters and their wives preſent, and the conference was held at the ſame time. This was the firſt Free Methodiſt church built and conference held in the State of Michigan, juſt fifteen years ago, which time will long be remembered.

Bro. Joſeph Travis preached on Sunday evening from Iſaiah, xxxv. 8: "And an highway ſhall be there," etc; taking the whole verſe. Spoken in great earneſtneſs, yet with heavenly ſweetneſs, and conducted by the Holy Ghoſt, it found its way to the hearts of the people—the way of holineſs was made plain. At the finiſhing up of the ſermon, heaven was deſcribed. I was then ſo anxious to gain that happy and delightful home of the bleſt, and the longing and burning deſire of my ſoul for the bleſſing of a pure and holy heart was ſuch that I was nearly bereft of my ſenſes; I looked around me to ſee where and what this congregation was, whether it was the judgment: the houſe was packed to the utmoſt capacity. When the invitation was given to ſuch as deſired the bleſſing to come to the altar and they aroſe to ſing, I tremblingly aroſe, my ſoul was panting for the fullneſs to ſuch an extent that I loſt my ſtrength, inſomuch that it ſeemed almoſt impoſſible to reach the altar; filling rather than kneeling, the cry was, "O, Lord, let me be carried away from this place a corſe but give me the bleſſing, but never let me leave alive without it!" for *then* I believed that God willed even my ſanctification. Holy miniſters of the goſpel were inside the altar; holy women gathered around me and prayed, inſtructed and labored faithfully with me and others; my faith ſoon began to take hold; how my mind was centered on God. The moment was intense, I held on; I ſaid I will claim the prize by faith, yea, my Saviour, I take it, and do re-

ceive it, and will testify to it. While leaning over the altar and opening my eyes, the feet of him that had preached that night stood directly before me. Never had my eyes rested upon such beautiful feet. For a moment my mind was with my eyes, then, looking up to Christ, there was such a sweet rest took possession of my entire being. Sister L. T. Frink, filled with holy power, led and labored nobly with us, as she sang, "I can, I will, I do believe," and their hand laid upon my shoulder at intervals, how faith and joy were imparted unto my soul. When we arose and were seated, the Holy Ghost descended—coming, coming, continually. O, that I had language to describe the loveliness of holiness! Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will toward men! O, that my pen was inspired so as to impart light on the hearts of others to seek this great salvation!

That night but little sleep came to my house, but praises to God were continually sounding forth. One of the Sisters said to me in the morning, "How sweet it sounds to hear you praise the Lord." On keeping still a few moments, the words "*Praise the Lord*," would be so sensibly felt with such an unction on the tongue, that my mouth must open and speak it. A few weeks, the "Praise" was changed to "Salvation;" still after that, the word was "Sanctification;" then, "Holiness to the Lord." Each one of the different expressions of praise was seen with the spiritual eye, like letters burnished in gold, and as sensibly felt as though my finger were laid upon my tongue. My bodily strength was but weakness for the glory and strength of the inner man. On going to rest at night, the praises would not cease till I asked the blessed Saviour to let me sleep—to withhold the power from me, that I might have more strength and be better able to glorify his Name in the morning. I never failed when asking him thus, but would be in a sweet sleep before the prayer was ended. My dear companion was converted and wonderfully saved at that conference—glory to the Lamb, for the application of *the* cleansing blood! No Jew-

ish type could cleanse me so; my soul was satisfied with an uttermost salvation—a whole Christ—"a heart with every thought renewed, and full of love divine." Boundless love—perfect love—saint and sinner were loved, and Christ supremely. His kingdom was established within—the glorious throne was set up, and He that sat upon it was crowned Lord of All. The holy fire of His eternal love burns while I write. This hand that has reached and waved toward heaven so many times cannot keep pace with thought, mind and desire, to pen a sketch of this glorious experience, for the encouragement and edifying of others, thereby glorifying Him who hath redeemed me with His own precious blood. How the Scriptures were opened to my understanding. I then understood what it meant, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things." My faith increased, and with great charity and in meekness, yet with holy boldness, I was enabled to sail forth over mountain tops and pinnacles, seeing all the land below. "Blessed be God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." A clean victory over pride, anger, revenge, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

I could only wear such things as would be "becoming women professing godliness with good works." All evil-speaking and lightness, vain and trifling conversation, was put away. This great salvation has such keeping properties—such lasting virtues with all that will through grace be kept. I am not exempt from temptations and some trials; and when my judgment has failed, the hand of the Almighty has carried me through. And here, in this new and unbelieving land, where it is considered a crime to profess to be cleansed from sin and to be holy in life, God the Father, helps me to raise the Gospel Banner high in deep humility, with a complete and continual consecration, separated from the world, leaning on the Saviour's breast. I live by the moment, living as though each day were the last—I am letting my light shine. Though unworthy and unprofitable, yet God has brought our boys—now men—into His fold, bless

His holy name! While the light shines brightly on my path
 way, and am sheltered in the cleft of the eternal rock, by faith
 I can see it better on before.

To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty and
 dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

REV. HENRY BELDEN.

At my request, we went into his empty church, and sat
 down in the pulpit. I told him the sad story of all my
 years of rebellions and wanderings, and ambitions; of God's
 crosses and burdens upon me; of my unworthiness and not-
 ingness; all the while was unfolded. We agreed to a mutual
 consecration, and together knelt in prayer. He poured out his
 soul for me and my people, as for himself and his own. Then
 I opened my heart to God. At the very outset he took my
 soul into his hands, and bore me up to the presence of ineffable
 glory. Through this, the spirit of his Son, with a clearness
 and definiteness of tone, that spake with power in my heart
 and through my lips, asked me for each and every one of my
 life's cherished treasures: "Will you give up to me your be-
 loved wife, for me to take her from you if I will, by separation
 or death? Will you put your children, not their bodies only,
 but their minds, into my hands, willing to have them do
 nothing, and be nothing, if that shall glorify me? Will you
 employ all your time, and devote all your talents, and the
 smallest and seemingly most useless, to my service, and you
 resign your reputation, personal and professional fame, so
 that, if I require, you may be disgraced, contemned, and
 your friends and brethren as by the world? Will you part
 with your people, ready to suffer reproach from them, and be
 discarded by the most attached? Will you yield to me your
 few possessions—your books and your home, that you may be

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could be destitute and shelterless? All, *all*, ALL, will you now and forevermore, without condition, without reservation, without any expectation of earthly good, without any return but my own life, consecrate thus yourself and your all to me?" Ah, Lord, how those questions came with searching, sifting power! They burnt into my bones; they eat my flesh; they flayed my heart. I plead with God, and reasoned with him at every step, to let me keep but one gift. No! all or none! I yielded all, and he took all. O, in that hour I felt like an outcast seaman, left in a desert island in mid-ocean! Inwardly I suffered the loss of all things more keenly than if outwardly they had been in reality taken away; for then I had still retained the affection and anticipation of them. But now all ties of life were broken, all interests of time lost, all joys of earth quenched. God's great hand seemed driven into my breast; his fingers grappled my heart, and twined with its inmost fibres. Then I felt as if he had torn it out, and held it up, bleeding at every pore, and quivering to its centre, to scathe and peel it, to cut it into shreds, to blow it all away. I had no heart of nature left. When this was done, the voice said, "Go now and preach my Gospel, baptizing men with Truth and Love, in power." In that hour my future spread before me; my path of duty lay plain, and my mission henceforth was definite to my view. In that hour I saw before me in the world only tribulations, sneers, censures, oppositions; but in Christ I beheld inwardly truth, love, and divine glory as mine. That was the "sealing of the Spirit." Under that process, a fiery ordeal indeed, I cried like a babe torn from its mother's heart. I sobbed like an orphan at the grave of both parents. I shrieked like a wounded frame under the surgeon's blade. That was the "death of nature," begun at least, if not completed; the serpent's head crushed, his fang bruised, and his life smothered, though his form might crawl and his tail rattle till the sundown of life. All hopes, all passions, all interests, all affections—every thing of life—their stripped off, passed completely into

God's hands. That was the "inward crucifixion," "the circumcision of the heart." The will of self then fell into the will of God, as a rain-drop or snow-flake falls into the sea, and becomes a part of its current.

Thus began the union of the human soul with the divine nature. What were the results of all this? Let others speak of those external to myself. Nothing do I see to glory in or to commend. Only of that which is within can I tell, and that imperfectly. At first I felt as if a besieged city, overcome and prostrate, lay in my life, amid ruins; as if a dissected frame were mine, yet intensely alive and sensitive to every touch of evil, every word of error. Men frowned, and I wept; lips cursed, and I warned. One thing was still needed after that burning, the anointing of love, the oil of God, to soothe the seared humanity. It came slowly; out of the dark sepulchre the smitten frame rose; into the sad, broken heart life began to breathe. From the scattered fragments of the old, God built up the new Jerusalem, a temple within more glorious than the first. Physically, the extremities of my frame were still endowed with what seemed superhuman strength; yet at the centre, in the heart's place, all was vacancy and weakness, as if a sword had there divided me in twain. Intellectually, thought was quick and intensified, conceptions of truth were clear and strong, speech was fuller and truer; only the old habits of mind hampered the utterance. The former poetic and ornate sentences, which gave pleasure to the earthly taste, with just enough truth in them to save from damnation, were gone to ashes, burned up as hay, wood, and stubble. In their place, plain speech, simple thought, yea, even sometimes commonplace expression entered, displeasing to minds who think that popularity and success with ministers depend upon beauty and not upon truth. Preaching became and now is attractive, glorious. The Sabbaths come not often and nigh enough. Study, and prayer, and converse on religious themes are intense delight unceasingly. The interests of earth excite but little; it is

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child's play to talk of or attend to them. Time is a shortened duration, in which all the energies must be enlisted to the utmost. O, it is a glory thus to live! I never knew before what that term "*glory*" meant. It has been like the flashings of a rocket-wheel, expiring in the moment that it shines. Now it is the pathway of suns, the sweep of comets through my soul's firmament. Night and day God *realizes* Himself to my soul. Spiritually, this life is indeed beyond description; truly, its peace passes understanding; its joy is unspeakable. Amid trials, tests of faith and sincerity, which God has brought to me over and over again, by seeming death agonies of my beloved, by insults to my face, and slanders at my back, by desertions and distresses multiplied and severe, I am still kept sustained by all sufficient grace, with the harmonies of God's truth, the great choruses of His promises in my soul, with the pulsations of love in deepening tides beating evermore into my central life. God be praised! The tempter comes, hisses with hate, allures with smiles, assails with questionings. In vain. Knowing the victory is sure, though the battle is keen, I am never overwhelmed. Blessed be God, who causeth me to triumph. Though weaknesses, defects, and infirmities abound, though ignorance and failure and difficulty retard, the step is progressive, the movement upward. How can I unfold all the sweet, transcendent blessings of this new life in Christ? Dark passions, appetites, and propensities, keen bitterness and vain suspicions, all the host of inner evils that before only cowed under the foot of will, the frown of truth, that slept amid worldly peace, but were awakened in power at the touch of temptation, where are they? God only knows. He has taken them in hand, making the wolf dwell with the kid, the leopard with the lamb, the calf, the young lion, and the fatling together, and the little child Jesus leads them. God shall use them all for His glory. I aspire after no applause of men; it is as painful now as once it was pleasing. I shrink from sight. Only by the definite will of God I give the account. I live

Abraham, I take this only and beloved child of my heart to the top of Moriah, where, bound on the altar, my own hand may slay it, if God so will. Whatever He commands I obey, though it be to stand in the fire with the three. Ah! I know, that the form of the fourth will be there, and that the smell of my, even, shall not be found upon me. If God be with me who can be against me? If Christ be my *all*, how can I need more? No! the world may take from me all its own, I claim and need it not. The church yet half born, in the twilight of the valley may grope and dose, may cast the spawn and slime of its earth-life along my path; my soul shall be cleansed therefrom by the ever-cleansing blood of Him who walked that path before; my feet shall tread the air as though they were wings, and the mountain tops only shall be my stepping-stones of glory, my ascension ladder to the mid-heaven of God's great city. There and thence I shall cry, "O, Church of God! O, souls on whose lintel the blood of Christ is sprinkled, be ye wholly cleansed. Zion, arise! Israel, come out of Egypt, pass from the wilderness, possess the land of rest in the blaze of God's shekinah, and shout, 'Enter thou, O Lord, with us, and dwell in Thy Temple evermore. Amen.'"

MRS. ALMYRA S. MURKINS.

I WAS born in the Town of New Albion, Catt Co., N. Y., and was brought up under the influence of Universalist doctrines. Never do I remember the time when the Spirit of the Lord did not strive with me; and often under the conviction of sin I have resolved to live a better life, and as often broke my vows. At the age of thirty, during a protracted meeting, I sought the Lord, to the best of my knowledge and the instructions given me. Through the advice of friends, I joined the M. E. Church, but lived a life of wretchedness for eight years, and, though I enjoyed the privileges of my church,

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was first in all the amusements and pastimes which are common in the churches: was decked in all the fashions of the age, and counted as one of the pillars of the church, my heart would cry out in anguish at times, O, what a life of wretchedness is mine! But I knew no better way. I would compare myself with those of my own church, and could see no difference between them and myself, and would conclude that such was the life of a Christian,—that the present time was different from the days of the inspired writers—and that it was impossible to live as required of us in God's Word. I would thus force myself to contentment for a while, but the Spirit of the Lord had got hold of my conscience, and did not leave me thus to droop and die.

In August, 1878, the Free Methodists came into our neighborhood, and had a Camp-meeting. I knew nothing about them, save what I had gleaned from remarks made respecting them. I lived on the main road to the Camp-meeting, and my curiosity was wonderfully aroused by seeing them pass by our house in their plain clothing and peculiar appearance, for this was so much different from what I had been accustomed to see. I was filled with ridicule and laughter, and expressed my opinion that they needed missionaries among them. I did not attend the meetings on the Camp Ground for a while; for I thought it would be a disgrace for one like me to be caught in such company; but after the Sabbath was passed, while conversing with some of the most popular members of my church who had been to the meetings, and who advised me to go if I wanted amusement, I concluded to go. I clothed myself in gorgeous apparel and hastened to the grove; but I had not been there long before I was in awful trouble; such preaching, and such manifestations of power I never saw before. Oh! how the truth did search me: it seemed that every sentence said, "Thou art the one." Oh! how the shining faces of the saints and their shouts of praise pierced me through. I saw my awful condition, how I was deceived and dark in my mind; but to

every invitation to go forward I would not yield. I returned home that night with the saddest heart I ever experienced. I could not stay away from the meetings. I attended them until their close, but without yielding to the Spirit. Time went slowly on, and I, in my wretchedness, would walk my house by day in agony of soul, unable to do my work, and at night be deprived of sleep, to rise in the morning to pass another day of wretchedness. But God, in His mercy, did not give me up. Oh! how earnestly I prayed God to forgive me my sins and own me as His child; but every time when on my knees before Him those pilgrims with their shining faces and plain dress would come up before me, and the question was asked, "Will you dress like these?" But I would cry out, "Oh! my God, I never can do it;" and then the Lord would seem to leave me, and my convictions would seem to wear away until I would get alarmed at my condition, and in agony of soul, would cry again for the Spirit's return; but with the Spirit's return would come the same question, and again I would reply, "My God! I never can do it." Then my wretchedness would increase, and God opened up hell before me. I saw the spirits of the damned writhing in awful agony, as the flames of hell seethed and hissed in terrible commotion. The shrieks of the damned came up from the pit beneath and seemed like so many daggers piercing me through. It seemed to be my last chance of decision. I cried out, "My God, I will," and oh, how quickly Jesus came to my relief. I felt the load of sin and guilt removed, and I arose from my knees a "new creature in Christ Jesus." I could sing,

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear."

I could not doubt my acceptance. O, how I rejoiced that I had escaped the jaws of eternal death! I went forward in all the light that shone on my pathway, and as the light increased I found something rising within me that was contrary to the will of God. But the Spirit soon taught me that my privilege

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was not only to be forgiven, but to be cleansed from all unrighteousness, and to have the old man cast out with all his deeds. I saw this inestimable blessing was to be obtained by an entire consecration, and faith in the all-cleansing blood of Jesus. For three weeks I sought with earnestness for a clean heart, and as quickly as the light shone on me, and item by item came up, I consecrated it to the Lord, and yet without any satisfaction, for the more I prayed and agonized the worse. I seemed to get. When about to give up in despair, I cried out in the agony of my soul for God to show me my condition, and He, in His mercy, showed me the hindrance. I saw that my husband was my idol, and how to get him out of my heart I knew not. I saw plainly that he stood between me and God. I sought God night and day, in awful agony, to help me to give him up; and while on my knees in earnest prayer, there opened up before me a large grave, and I stood and gazed upon it. I saw the fresh earth on one side, and the coffin on the other, and a voice seemed to say, "Will you consent to bury him for me and give me your first affections?" I knew it was the voice of Jesus, but Oh! how could I consent to bury him who was dearer to me than my own life! But I saw it was the only way. I saw that God was able to take him from me without my consent, and it was no more than just for me to give him up. But O, what a death! I felt the pangs of death all through my soul and body, and every thing was as dark as night. I closed my eyes to the scene before me, and in my helplessness I cried, "Yes, take him, Lord, he is thine, but deliver me from this death." And O, what a change came over me! I felt my consecration was complete. Such a rest came into my soul. I felt so clean, and I had only to wait for the filling; but I was not long before I had a consciousness of the presence of God as never before. The Almighty overshadowed me. I felt the Holy Ghost descend into my heart, and pervade my entire being. I was lost to my surroundings, and for three hours I knew not where I was, and beheld things that language cannot

express. When I came to myself I found the work was complete; Jesus had full possession of my heart, and reigned without a rival. Through obedience to His will I have been able to enjoy His presence ever since, and when Satan comes he finds nothing in me. I am kept by the power of God and the renewing of the Holy Ghost day by day; for He that is in me is greater than he that is in the world, and I am sealed unto the day of redemption.

“O, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Glory to His name.”

REV. J. T. JAMES.

I WAS born in Loudon County, Va., of irreligious parents. No one ever spoke to me about my soul. My mother professed religion when I was about twelve years old; and though she evidently enjoyed it, yet she had not strength to talk to her husband and children about it. When fifteen years old, I ran away from home, and started for the West with my rifle and dog, to spend my life as a hunter. This was the result of reading novels and trashy literature, which I often did all day Sunday, and many times until two o'clock at night. I got homesick, and came back in a few days to find the family in great distress, and my mother and sister on their knees praying for me.

I was a *Sabbath breaker*: often on that day roaming over the mountain with gun and dog, while the rest of the family were at church. From the hills I could see them returning, and then I would slip home, put my gun away, and look as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, just as my parents reached the house, we looked up and saw the mountain on fire, which I knew at once was my work, as it was just where I had fired

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several times at a squirrel in a tall popular tree. My father said he reckoned some wicked person had been hunting. We succeeded in putting it out, after it had burned over several acres of his mountain timber.

I was a *card-player*, though never for money; and often have spent much of the night, and portions of the Sabbath in this way, with my father's servant men.

I was *intemperate*: at times getting too much under the influence of ardent spirits to know precisely what I was about, though I never got into the gutter. My father was one of the most moral men, yet he kept some ardent spirits in his house for occasional use. Upon one occasion he was reproving me for having, as he heard, purchased a bottle of liquor at a store, when I replied, that I saw no more harm in having a pint in the pocket, than a keg in the house. Often had I gone to that keg.

I was a *tobacco user*: having acquired that manly habit, as I thought, at the age of fourteen.

I was a *swearer*, and of the most awful type.

I was an *alepit* and *ringleader* in all sorts of wickedness.

At the age of seventeen, while working in the field, I felt that hell was not far off if I continued my course. I imagined that I already heard the roar of the cataract. I promised the Holy Spirit who had followed me all my life, that I would seek religion. At that time, I was impressed that if I became a Christian I would have to preach the Gospel. I commenced immediately to seek God with all my might, and in a few days went to a Methodist Camp-meeting, and was converted August 29, 1859. Glory to God! I soon doubted, however, and got in darkness. But a week after, the witness came, like a flash of lightning. It made quite a stir in the Camp when it was known that I was at the altar. A young man of my age, had promised his family to seek God at that Camp. I met him, learned of his purpose, and we arranged to go forward together. But when the trial came he failed. He was then a wicked youth, and after this he became worse as a matter of course. In

a year or two the war commenced; he enlisted in the Southern army, was wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, and taken to Washington, where he died without any change, so far as is known. That Camp-meeting was the turning-point in his life, poor fellow, as it was in mine,

I joined the M. E. Church, though my family were of the Baptist persuasion. By my first birth I was a sinner; by my second, a Christian and Methodist. I never neglected class. I testified and prayed in my first class-meeting. I never failed to take up my cross. I was separate from sinners. I grew in grace: I was happy in God.

During the John Brown excitement, the scene of which being only sixteen miles away, my mind was kept from it altogether. My religion at that time not only kept me from reading novels, but also newspapers. I carried my Bible in my breast pocket during the day, and slept with it under my head at night. Sometimes, as often as twice a week, I held night meetings for the colored people, mostly in a house on my father's land. What precious seasons we sometimes had! How my own soul was blessed in reading God's word to, and exhorting these poor people! On one occasion the Lord blessed us so that we protracted the meeting until two o'clock A. M., and then could hardly send the people home.

In 1861 Virginia seceded. I got excited at the call upon Virginia to coerce South Carolina, and enlisted in the Southern army upon the question of State Rights, not seeing then, as I afterwards did, that one of those rights was a right claimed, as in the instance of my own State, to hold more than one million human beings in slavery. Previous to the war, I was, at heart, opposed to slavery, and was again as soon as I recovered my spiritual equilibrium, which I lost soon after enlisting. I lived in a backslidden state for nearly three years. The most of this time God was with me, seeking to lead me back. He finally prevailed,

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a little farm, marry, and spend my life in quietness. But I had promised God to give my life to Him, if he spared my life through the war. And the vow that I made while awaiting the order for the general charge at the second battle of Manassas, I sacredly kept. I was licensed as a local preacher in 1865. I was expecting to go to College when the war commenced. At its close, my father was, not in circumstances to send me, having lost all his property save land and houses. I was taken on my circuit as junior preacher in September, and joined the Baltimore Conference, on trial, at Alexandria, in March, 1866, when the Conference connected itself with the M. E. Church, South.

My light and convictions led me on my first circuit to organize Sunday Schools for the colored people, and preach the Gospel to them, notwithstanding the inaction of my preacher-in-charge, and the opposition and reproach my course brought upon me. But I went through, notwithstanding the names of reproach and threats of tar and feathers, and God most wonderfully blessed me. Praise His name!

In the spring of 1868, I was sent to a mission in Alexandria. Soon after reaching there, I carried out a long-cherished purpose, and offered myself as a missionary to Africa. The Board had no money to send me; their only mission then being in a starving condition in China. I was directed to another subject; and soon was under strong conviction upon holiness. I was convicted by reading a book called "Perfect Love," never having heard a sermon on the subject. But I soon found that I was not in clear justification, although I had been preaching for nearly three years, and had seen souls saved. I had not been living up to all my light. God blessed me; took away all my condemnation, and gave me a good start after holiness.

I was soon led to the National Camp-meeting, at Manheim. There in the woods, on the night of the 15th of July, all alone with God, *F-tied*. I died to home and relatives, and country.

and Church, and everything else but *the will of God*, just as really as if I had gone out of the world. Then commenced a life of purity and freedom, and fullness and power, such as I never had conceived of. I went back to my charge, preached the great salvation: saw some saved; but Satan soon raised a storm. After being in the furnace for some two months, God took me out and let me cool off a little. My presiding elder removed, and while he was looking for another place, God gave me a good work at my old Church, in which some ninety souls professed conversion—some of them deeply saved. When I came away from Alexandria, my health was almost a wreck; but the Lord fixed me up for a while. Soon after entering upon my new circuit, my health tailed entirely, and for months I was so feeble I could scarcely get about. I could not preach, and at times could not talk, so weak were my lungs. I took medicine, which only afforded temporary relief. I got a little strength, went to Conference: was kept in perfect peace while my case was receiving especial consideration in view of my course in the past year, and while “looking for comforters” among a body of one hundred and sixty ministers, found only one who seemed to know anything of the joys and sympathies of full salvation. After it was shown what a soldier I had been, my character was passed.

I went back to my circuit as junior preacher; went to work, and soon broke down. I saw I had the consumption, and was impressed that I must die soon unless something was done. My lungs were diseased and closing up; my nervous system was broken down, and my bones and muscles were becoming stiff with rheumatism, partly the result of exposure and sleeping in the water during the war.

A short time before this I had subscribed for the *Earnest Christian*, through which I learned of the Free Methodists. In the April No. I read an article by Orpha Pelton—“How Jesus Made me Whole”—in which she told how she was healed. I was deeply impressed. I thought that what God had done for

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one of His children in the 19th century, He would do for another. The next day I sought Him alone in my room. And on the 17th of April, 1869, I was as whole and free from pain as when I came into the world. Glory to God! This was striking another vein of salvation. I wondered what was to come next. This work of God upon my body made me still more like a fanatic to those people whose eyes were blinded by the god of this world. But I went over the country preaching salvation for soul and body and showing myself for a testimony of these things. My clear, strong voice, was alone sufficient evidence of the miracle. But many were offended.

About this time I was seriously exercised as to the propriety of my remaining in a church whose past record was black with sin and red with blood, and where I was opposed and prosecuted in my own experience, and hindered and pulled down in my own work. After much prayer and fasting I felt I must leave the church, South. I also was impressed that I must join the Free Methodist Church, which I recognized as *the rallying point of a demoralized church*. I told the people of my determination, preached my last sermon to my P. E. as he sat before me, at a Quarterly meeting, he having taken issue with me in his sermon the day before in regard to the truth I preached, packed my trunk, wrote a farewell letter home, and started on my noble horse for New York, with five dollars in my pocket and the glory of God in my soul.

But on the way I got tempted, was turned aside, halted at Philadelphia, heard some things about Free Methodists that prejudiced me, and concluded I had made a mistake in starting to join them. I then concluded I was to be an evangelist, go back to Virginia, and do a work there, especially among the colored people. I reached my home, and went to work. Soon the Lord opened my way to go to Round Lake on a tour of observation as I afterwards saw. While it was a sweet place to my soul, still my eyes were not blind to the spurious holiness professed and taught by many on that ground. The Lord had

taught me much in twelve months. On my way down to Hudson, I met with W. Gould, a minister of the Free Church. What he was doing soon convinced me that my prejudices against that church were unfounded. I saw the hand of the Lord in this meeting. I went on South, intending, if the Lord willed, to go North, to the Free Methodist Camp-meeting at Harpers. I spent three weeks in Virginia, laboring mostly for the colored people. I found the way to work among the whites closed up. The Lord had been taking away my influence for some time. New prejudice had done its work.

Nearly every day I went up into the mountain to pray over my future course. I felt the Lord wanted me to leave my home and go among strangers, that my turning aside before was a mistake, which He, however, would overrule for good. He had permitted me to come back and die out fully among the people so that I could see there was no door open for me there. And so I had to die a little more there in the mountain. But Jesus was there and showed me what a privilege it was to suffer with Him in having no home. O, how He did draw my soul after Him! He told me He would be all things to me, and would raise up kind friends where I was going. And He gave me Abraham's promise to start with. "Thou shalt be a Blessing." Gen. xii. 2. The last Sabbath in Virginia, I went in the morning to church. I felt I wanted to endure a little more reproach for Jesus before leaving. I sat in the congregation in my old church during the entire services without being noticed by the minister. This was in the church where I had joined and went to class, and commenced preaching, and where a large majority of the persons then in the house had professed religion under my ministry. But many faces looked coldly on me that day. This was a point where I had held my ground when the devil had destroyed my influence every where else. However, here "I looked for some one to pity and there were none." But I could look up and say, "Even so, Father." And how Jesus did bless me; so that while they thought they were

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looking down upon a fallen one, whose only crime was separation from a time-serving church, and working for a poor, neglected people, it was with Jesus, looking down upon them and pitying them in my soul. That afternoon I preached my last sermon to the colored people under the trees. O, how the Lord did manifest His presence! Bless His name!

On Monday my way was opened to go North. I packed my trunk; and leaving my horse to be sold, started the next morning for Harpersville, reaching there on Thursday. *There I found the people I long had sought.* As I stood up and joined in with them I never was more conscious of the sweet approbation of my Lord.

Thus was I saved, and led to a saved people, among whom I expect to live and die. I am "*saved*," blessed be God, and not only so, I am "*gathered*." 1 Chron. xvi. 35.

I quit chewing tobacco when I commenced preaching. I ceased smoking soon after, but a P. E. coming along with his pipe, I backslided. However, I soon quit again, and forever. I am saved from wine and cider and all such things. I am saved from all that excites the nerves and gives a false stimulus to the system, such as Coffee and Tea, though in these I do not judge others. I am saved from eating and drinking to excess, and from the general neglect of fasting. I am saved from worldly conformity in dress, manners and conventionalities. I am saved from a worldly spirit, and therefore have no trouble with the "*old man's deeds*."—A dead bird has no use for feathers. I am saved from *secret societies*, and from fellowship with anything that can't stand the light. For the same reason, I am saved from Politics. Secret societies ignore Jesus Christ. I ignore secret societies. Politicians are corrupt—are wirepullers, and hold secret caucuses. I ignore politicians. Earthly governments ignore Jesus Christ. I ignore earthly governments, save always being "in subjection to the powers that be." I am saved from war. I would lose my life sooner than go to war, or justify others in going under any circumstances what-

ever. This is a great salvation, for which I praise the Lord. Many who are saved in much fail here, and involve their hands in blood, or what is worse, justify others in doing it. Jesus says to me: "*Put up thy sword*"—"Resist not evil"—"*Be harmless as doves.*"

Yes, I love my Lord and all His ways. I love His blessed will, for though He killed me yet He raised me up again, and into a blessed fellowship with Him. I am in perfect sympathy with my blessed Lord.

"I love to kiss each print where Christ
Did set His pilgrim feet;
Nor can I fear that blessed path
Whose traces are so sweet.

He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetness to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

All that God blesses is his good,
And unblest good is ill:
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

And now I have begun to live. Life is so sweet, for it is Jesus living in me. Christian reader, "magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." And I will go on my pilgrim way, singing my pilgrim song:

"Thy holy will be done, not mine,
Be suffered all Thy holy will.
I dare not, Lord, the cross decline;
I will not lose the slightest ill,
Or lay the heaviest burden down,
The richest jewel of my crown.

Sorrow is solid joy, and pain
Is pure delight, endured for Thee;
Reproach and loss are glorious gain,
And death is immortality:

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And who for Thee their all have given,
Have nobly bartered earth for heaven.

Saved is the life for Jesus lost,
Hidden from earth, but found in God.
To suffer is to triumph most :
The highest gift on man bestowed :
Seal of my sure election this—
Seal of my everlasting bliss."

WILLIAM CARVOSSO.

IN the year 1771, the Lord was pleased, in his mercy, to convert my sister; and having tasted that the Lord was gracious, she came a distance of twelve miles, to tell us of the happy news, and to warn us to flee from the wrath to come. On entering my mother's house on Sabbath morning, I was not a little surprised to find my sister on her knees, praying with my mother and brothers. After she had concluded, she soon began to enquire what preparation I was making for eternity. I was quite at a loss for an answer. She then asked me if I attended the preaching of the Methodists. I told her I did not. Upon this she particularly requested me to go that night. "And be sure," said she, "you hear for yourself." As the evening drew on, I felt a very strong desire to go to the preaching. As soon as I entered the place, I steadfastly fixed my eyes on the preacher. His text was, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." The word quickly reached my heart; the scales fell off my eyes, and I saw and felt I was "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity." I had such a sight of the damning nature of sin, and what I had done against God, that I was afraid the earth would have opened and swallowed me up. I then made a solemn promise to the Lord that if He would spare me I would

serve Him all my days. I now gave up my sins, and all my old companions, at a stroke; and at once determined, if I could see any one going to heaven, I would join him. For myself I was determined to go to heaven, cost what it would. The very moment I formed the resolution in my heart to pray, Christ appeared within, and God pardoned all my sins, and set my soul at liberty.

In the same happy frame of mind which God brought me into at my conversion, I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts; but, O, how greatly was I mistaken! I was soon taught that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world without, but with inward enemies also, which now made no small stir. From my first setting out in the way to heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian. The Bible gave me a very clear map of the way to heaven, and told me that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from "an evil heart of unbelief." My heart appeared to me as a small garden with a large stump of a tree in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shooting up I did not like, on attempting to pluck it up, I discovered the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. My inward nature appeared so black and sinful, that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case, for I never had one doubt of my acceptance; the witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain to attack me from that quarter. What I now wanted was inward holiness; and for this I prayed and searched the Scriptures. Among the number of promises which I found in the Bible, that gave me to see it was my privilege to be saved from all sin, my mind was particularly directed to Ezekiel xxxvi. 25-27. The more I ex-

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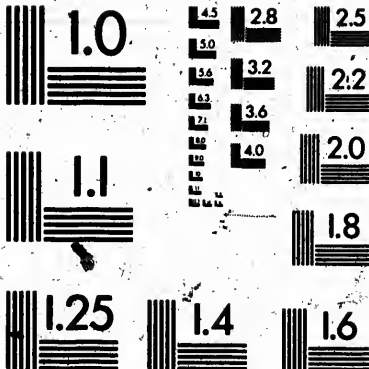
Examined the Scriptures, the more I was convinced that holiness there could be no heaven. Many were the struggles which I had with unbelief, and Satan told me that ever should get it, I should never be able to retain it; but keeping close to the Word of God, with earnest prayer and supplication, the Lord gave me to see that nothing short of holiness would do in a dying hour and at the judgment. Seeing this, it was my constant cry to God that he would cleanse my heart from sin, and make me holy, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

I well remember returning one night from a meeting, with my mind greatly distressed for a want of the blessing. I turned into a lonely barn to wrestle with God in secret prayer. While kneeling on the threshing-floor, agonizing for the great salvation, this promise was applied to my mind, "Thou art all fair, my love: there is no spot in thee." But, like poor Thomas, I was afraid to believe, lest I should deceive myself. O, what a dreadful enemy is unbelief! I was a fortnight after this groaning for deliverance, and saying, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I yielded to unbelief, instead of looking to Jesus, and believing on him for the blessing; not having then clearly discovered that the witness of the Spirit is God's gift, not man's act, but given to all who exercise faith in Jesus and the promise made through him. At length, one evening, while engaged in a prayer-meeting, the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith, by believing *I shall have the blessing now*. Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room; and no sooner had I uttered the words from my heart, *I shall have the blessing now*, than *refining fire went through my heart—illuminated my soul—scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole*. I then received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood of Jesus has cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, *this is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart!* I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God. I felt I was



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nothing, and Christ was all in all. Soon after this, Mr. Wesley's pamphlet on Christian Perfection was put into my hand. On reading this little work, I was filled with amazement, to think that a man I had never seen could read my heart in such a manner. This tended greatly to strengthen me in the truth of the Gospel.

MRS. E. WILLIAMS.

WHEN I was fifteen years old I joined the M. E. Church, but I knew nothing about the Spirit of God. At the age of seventeen was married. At twenty-one I heard Brother L. preach, and God was with him. The word reached my heart. I stayed for class-meeting. It seemed to me I must tell how I felt; but I did not, for it seemed to me the wrath of God was upon me. I lived this way for six months. By this time the minister left the circuit and another minister came who was afraid of excitement, or, rather opposed to the Spirit of God. There was a revival and I went to the altar for prayer, but could get no help. There were many said to be converted, but such an experience would not do me. I wanted a change of heart. God still kept striving with me until one evening when we came from meeting we had family prayers, and after prayer the still small voice said, "Pray again and you will get the blessing." I told my husband; we knelt, he prayed, and then I began to plead for mercy. It seemed to me I was hanging over hell, just ready to drop in the flames. For three hours I plead for mercy; then God spoke peace to my soul. O, what sweet peace I enjoyed for one week; then doubt and fear came, for I knew not the way of faith. I lost the power in prayer that God had given me. I lived in this way about four years. At times I felt that God owned and blessed me. When

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I would see one that enjoyed holiness I would get under deep convictions for that blessing. I felt as if self was in the way. Brother L. held a revival meeting in our church. He preached on holiness, although he had great opposition from the church. I placed all on the altar, and felt that God owned me as His child. I felt just like working for God. Then God showed me that I must give up pride, and that I must take off all unnecessary adornments. It was a great cross for me to come out plain in a fashionable church. God blessed me all the while. I then began praying for holiness. One evening just as the meeting commenced, the slaying power came in our midst. The minister was slain with its power. God sanctified my soul, all glory to His name. The carnal mind was all gone and Christ lived in me. But there must be a donation for our minister. That is what always follows a revival in a fashionable church. The still small voice said, "Stay away and it will not hurt you." Self wanted to go; I yielded, and went, and O, what darkness came. I had grieved the Spirit, and it left me. Oh, how I felt. There where God had sanctified my soul, and to see the people who professed to love God mixing up with the world, and some of them acting worse than those that did not profess religion. I think that a donation after a revival does more harm than the revival does good. I still kept praying to God; I felt at times He owned and blessed me. Bro. B., of the Free Methodist Church, held a meeting in our place. God blessed his labors. Some were converted and others sanctified; I was one of the latter. One year has passed since then, and I feel that the blood of Christ cleanses me now. All glory to His name. He formed a class; eight joined with myself. It has now increased to thirteen. We feel that God is with us, and that there will be a great work done. I can but thank God that I have found a people that believe in Bible holiness.

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REV. J. A. WOOD.

IT pleased the Lord to call me in early life to seek pardon and converting grace. I believe at ten years of age I first tasted the joys of redeeming grace, and a Saviour's love. I remember as early as then to have realized a sweet satisfaction and delight in prayer and effort to obey God.

At the age of thirteen I joined the church; Through the blessing and grace of God, I have found a home ever since in the church of my early choice.

During the first five or six years of my experience I was often perplexed and distressed with doubts in regard to the reality of my conversion; arising from the fact that I could not fix upon the precise time when the change was wrought. I would often see people powerfully converted, and hear them tell of the place and of the moment when their chains fell off, and their souls went free. The tempter would then whisper in my ear and say, "You cannot tell *when* you were converted, and you never have those *deep convictions* or those *striking exercises* in religious experience of which many speak."

From this source I had no little trouble, and at times, for several years, I found it exceedingly difficult to hold fast my confidence. After many and severe trials on this point the Lord enabled me to settle the matter; and a thousand thanks to His blessed name that many years have passed since I have doubted for a moment the verity of my early conversion.

The Lord removed my doubts by showing me that to know the *precise time* of my conversion was of but little importance; while the great question for me to settle was, *Have I the evidence that I am now converted?*

After I was led to see that to be able to know the precise time of my conversion, concerned me but little, and that to know that I am now in a converted state was my great con-

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cern; the question was soon settled by apprehending the abundant evidence which God, always gives of a state of salvation. I found it was one thing to have evidence of a justified, converted state, and quite another to apprehend and understand that evidence.

From this time to September 7, 1858, I maintained a general purpose to obey God, and received many spiritual refreshings from the presence of the Lord, suffering but few doubts in regard to my justification and membership in the family of God.

During this period I was often convicted of remaining corruption in my heart, and of my need of purity. I desired to be a decided Christian and a useful member of the church; but I was often conscious of deep-rooted inward evils, and tendencies in my heart unfriendly to godliness. I found my bosom foes troubled me more than all my foes from without. They struggled for the ascendancy. They marred my peace. They obscured my spiritual vision. They were the instruments of sore temptation. They interrupted my communion with God. They crippled my efforts to do good. They invariably sided with Satan. They occupied a place in my heart which I knew should be possessed by the Holy Spirit. They were the greatest obstacles to my growth in grace, and rendered my service to God but partial.

I was often more strongly convicted of my need of inward purity than I ever had been of my need of pardon. God often showed me the importance and necessity of holiness as clear as a sunbeam. I seldom studied the Bible without conviction of my fault in not coming up to the Scripture standard of salvation.

I often commenced seeking holiness, but at no time made any great progress: for as I read and prayed some duty was seen to present itself which I was unwilling to perform, and so I relapsed into indifference.

I never read Mr. Welsey's "Plain Account," nor any of the standards of Methodism on the subject of holiness, nor the

memoirs of Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, Stoner, nor Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, or Lady Maxwell, without deep conviction on the subject, and more or less effort for its attainment. I now see I was often on the very point of grasping the prize, and then would sink back, suffer defeat, and another season of comparative indifference upon the subject. I was often led to see my need of purity while studying for the ministry with Rev. William Hill, of Cambridgeport, Vt.

Brother Hill was an able Presbyterian minister, and, for a number of years, was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Newburg, N.Y. He became convicted of his need of entire sanctification, and obtained the blessing at a meeting for the promotion of holiness at Mrs. Palmer's, in New York city. He lived it, professed it, and preached it, and for so doing was expelled from the Hudson River Presbytery in April, 1844. Rev. Henry Belden was expelled at the same time for the same cause. They both united with the Congregational church. Brother Belden is now pastor of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Brother Hill died in holy triumph at Bristol, Conn., July 31, 1851, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

The society and influence of that holy man were a great blessing to me. I think more than one hundred times have I bowed with him in prayer in his study, and held sweet communion with God. Those seasons of devotion still linger in my memory as among the most precious hours of my early ministry.

By being convicted so often of my need of perfect love, and failing to obtain it, I, after a while (like many others, I fear), became a little sceptical in regard to the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification as a *distinct* blessing subsequent to regeneration. I had no clear or definite ideas in regard to the blessing of perfect love, but came to think of it and teach it as only a deeper work of grace, or a little more religion. I taught, as many do, a gradual growth into holiness, or *modern gradualism*. I threw the whole matter into the world of in-

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definiteness and vague generalities. I expected to grow into holiness somehow, somewhere, and at some time, but knew not how, nor where, nor when. I urged believers to seek a deeper work of grace, and to get more religion, but seldom said to them, "Be ye *holy*," "This is the will of God, even your *sanctification*," or seek "*perfect love*."

I became somewhat prejudiced against even the Bible terms *sanctification*, *holiness*, *perfection*, and disliked very much to hear persons use them in speaking of their experience. I was opposed to the profession of holiness as a distinct blessing from regeneration.

I became prejudiced against the special advocates of holiness; and at camp-meetings and in other places I felt disposed to discourage and oppose direct efforts for the promotion of holiness. If a pious brother exhorted the preachers to seek sanctification, or the members to put away worldiness, tobacco, and gaudy attire, and seek holiness, I was distressed in spirit, and disposed to find fault.

During a number of years this was about my state of mind upon this subject. And let me here record that, while hundreds of sinners were converted to God in connection with my feeble ministry, I do not recollect a single case of a believer being entirely sanctified under my labors during the first nine years of my ministry up to September 7, 1858. Let me further add, during this time I was grieved from year to year by seeing what might astonish heaven, and fill heaven with lamentation—company after company of young converts walking into backslidden, un sanctified churches, first to wonder, then for a while to be grieved, but finally to add another layer to the backslidden stratification.

In May, 1858, I was appointed to the Court-street Church, Binghamton. I went there much prejudiced against the professors of holiness in that church, and they were, doubtless, somewhat prejudiced against me, as they had cause to believe I would oppose them on the subject of holiness. I soon found,

in my pastoral visitations, that where those persons lived who professed the blessing of holiness, there I felt the most of divine influence and power. I realized a liberty in prayer, and an access to God in those families which I did not elsewhere.

And let me remark, while I was prejudiced against holiness as a *distinct* blessing, and against its *special* advocates, I did desire and believe in a deep, thorough, vital piety, and was ready to sympathize with it wherever I found it. I had attended prayer and class meetings but few times before I saw clearly that there were those in that society whose experience and piety possessed a *richness*, *power*, and *depth*, which I had not.

The more I became acquainted with them the more I was convinced of that fact, and the more deeply I became convicted of my remaining depravity and need of being cleansed in the blood of Christ. I also became convinced that those professors of holiness were Wesleyan in their faith, experience, and practice, while I had drifted away somewhat from the Bible and Wesleyan theory of Christian perfection.

Through the entire summer of 1858 I was seeking holiness, but kept the whole matter to myself. During this time none of the professors of holiness said anything to me on the subject, but, as I have learned since, were praying for me night and day. God only knows the severe struggles I had that long summer, during many hours of which I lay on my face in my study, begging for Jesus to cleanse my poor, unsanctified heart; but yet I felt unwilling to make a public avowal of my feelings, or to ask the prayers of God's people for my sanctification.

The Binghampton District Camp-meeting commenced that year the first day of September. About eighty of the members of my charge went with me to that meeting. During six days of the meeting the sanctification of my soul was before my mind constantly, and yet I neither urged others to seek it, nor intimated to any one my convictions and struggles on the subject. The result was, six days of such deep humiliation, severe dis-

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truss, and hard struggles as I never had endured before. A number of the members present from my charge had once enjoyed the blessing, and had lost it. Some who professed to enjoy it were becoming silent upon the subject. With but very few exceptions, we, as a church, were practically staying off and ignoring the doctrine and duty of entire sanctification. The Lord was evidently displeased with us, and so shut us up that our prayer-meetings in our large society tent literally ran out. The brethren and sisters became tried with themselves and tried with each other. Some of them were even tempted to strike their tents and go home.

On the last evening of the meeting a faithful member of the church came to me a few minutes before preaching, weeping, and said, "Brother Wood, there is no use in trying to dodge this question. You know your duty and may as well commence seeking holiness first as last. If you will lead the way and define your position as a seeker of entire sanctification, you will find that many of the members of your charge have a mind to do the same." The Lord had so humbled my heart that I was willing to do almost anything to obtain relief. After a few moments' reflection, I replied, "Immediately after preaching I will appoint a meeting in this tent on the subject of holiness, and will ask the prayers of the church for my own soul.

Glory be to God! the Rubicon was past. In an instant I felt a giving way in my heart, so sensible and powerful, that it appeared rather physical than spiritual. In a moment after I felt an indescribable sweetness permeating my entire being. It was a sweetness as real and as sensible to my soul as ever the sweetest honey was to my taste. I immediately walked up into the stand. The presiding elder requested me to exhort after his sermon. I replied, "I will if the Lord will help." Just as he gave out his text—Eccl. xii. 13, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," etc.—the baptism of fire and power came upon me.

For me to describe what I then realized is utterly impossible.

It was such as I need not attempt to describe to those who have felt and tasted it, and such as I cannot describe to the comprehension of those whose hearts have not realized it.

The most of which I was conscious was that Jesus had me in His arms, and that the heaven of heavens was streaming through and through my soul in such beams of light and overwhelming love and glory as can never be uttered. *The half can never be told!*

It was like marching through the gates of the city to the bosom of Jesus, and taking a full draught from the river of life.

Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! I have cause to shout over the work of that precious hour.

It was a memorable era in the history of my probation, a glorious epoch in my religious experience—*never, NEVER* to be forgotten. Jesus there and then—all glory to His blessed name!—sweetly, completely, and most powerfully sanctified my soul and body to Himself. He *melted, cleansed, filled, and thrilled* my feeble, unworthy soul with holy, sin-consuming power.

Glory be to God! Perfect love is the *richest, the sweetest, and the purest* love this side of Paradise. Angels have nothing better. Well may the poet sing,

“O, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour’s praises speak!”

I had always been much prejudiced against persons losing their strength; consequently, as might be expected, when the Holy Ghost came upon me in the stand, surrounded by some thirty preachers, it was God’s order to take control of both body and soul, and swallow me up in the great deep of His presence and power.

After about three hours I regained sufficient strength to walk to the tent, and we commenced a meeting for the promotion of holiness. I told the brethren and sisters my purpose to seek their prayers as a seeker of holiness, and that Jesus had fore-

stalled my design by accepting my soul the moment I consented to stand up for holiness, and was willing to be anything or do anything to obtain it.

And let me here say that a willingness to humble myself, and take a decided stand for holiness, and face opposition to it in the church, and take the odium of being a professor of holiness in Binghampton, where that doctrine had been trailing in the dust for years, constituted the turning-point with me. After I reached that point I seemed to have no special consciousness of believing, or submitting, or of making any effort; my whole being seemed simply and without effort to be borne away by Jesus.

Our meeting continued all night; and such a night I never experienced before. A large number of my leading members present commenced seeking holiness; and about every half hour during that whole night the glorious power of God came down from the upper ocean in streams as sweet as heaven. At times it was unspeakable and almost unendurable. It was *oppressingly sweet—a weight of glory.*

Every time the power of God came one or more souls entered the land of Beulah, the Canaan of perfect love. Some shouted; some laughed; some wept; and a large number lay prostrate from three to five hours, beyond the power of shouting or weeping. Hallelujah to the great God! those present will never forget that night of refining and sanctifying power.

What I received at the time Jesus sanctified my soul was only a drop in the bucket compared with what it has since pleased Him to impart. Since that hour the deep and solid communion my soul has had with God and the rich baptisms of love and power have been "unspeakable and full of glory."

"O, matchless bliss of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a feast,
And makes me here a constant guest
With Jesus' priests and kings."

At times I have had an overwhelming sense of the divine presence, and a sacred unction has pervaded my entire being. Especially has this been my experience when called to profess or defend this glorious salvation. O, how God has stood by and helped me in vindicating the doctrine and profession of holiness! I have often felt if there was but one man in the world to stand up for holiness, in God's name, I would be that man.

The divine fragrance imparted to my soul when the Saviour cleansed and filled it with pure love I have never lost for one hour, and I trust I never may. The thought of that hour brings ever an indescribable sweetness in my soul. I make a record of this to the glory of God. Glory, honor, and eternal praise be to His blessed name for ever and ever! His own arm hath brought salvation to my feeble, helpless soul. And I do love the Lord my God with all my heart, soul, and strength. Yet I am nothing, and Jesus is my all. Sweet portion! O, the blessedness of this inward, spiritual kingdom! O, the depths of solid peace my soul has felt! It has often been

“A sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

O, to know that God is mine; to feel that He dwells in my heart, rules my will, my affections, my desires; to know that He loves me ten thousand times better than I love Him—O, what solid bliss is this!

“My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,
’Tis life everlasting, ’tis heaven below.”

And now, after more than two years and a half, during which to scrutinize and test the work of that hour, I am constrained to say, I *know* the blood of Jesus can cleanse from all sin. I say this with a profound sense of my feebleness and unworthiness; for

“’Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me.”

O, that I could describe the feelings of gratitude in my heart to God for past mercies, present favors, and future prospects. Well may the poet exclaim,

"O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there."

Some of the precious results of the cleansing power of Jesus in my soul have been,

1. A sacred nearness to God my Saviour. The distance between God and my soul has appeared annihilated, and the glory and presence of divinity have often appeared like a flood of sunlight, surrounding, penetrating, and pervading my whole being. Glory be to God that even the most unworthy may be "brought *nigh* by the blood of Christ."

2. A sense of indescribable sweetness in Christ. The fact that He is "the rose of Sharon," "the lily of the valley," "the brightness of His (the Father's) glory," and "is altogether lovely," has at times so penetrated my soul as to thrill and fill it with ecstatic rapture. O, how glorious and lovely has the dear Saviour appeared to my soul, and how strong the attraction my heart has felt toward Him! Often His glory has shone upon my soul without a cloud.

3. A deep, realizing sense of the *reality* of spiritual things. Bible truth has appeared as transformed into solid reality. The doctrines of the gospel have become to me tangible facts, and my soul has triumphed in them as an eternal *verity*.

4. A surprising richness and fullness of meaning in the Scriptures, which I had not before realized. Many portions of the Word, which I had hitherto but ~~little~~ understood, and taken but little interest in, now appeared full of meaning and exceedingly precious to my soul. The following passages have been applied many times to my soul with great power: "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may *abide with you forever*; even the Spirit of truth,

whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; *but ye know him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*" . . . "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." . . . "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." . . . "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." . . . "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. *Herein* is our love *made perfect*, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. *He that feareth is not made perfect in love.*"

5. A complete satisfaction and resting in Christ. Since then there has been no favorable response from within to temptations from without. Before, I often found elements in my heart siding with the tempter, and felt that all was not right within. There appeared to be an aching void, or a place in my soul which grace had never reached. But since Jesus sent the refining fire through and through my heart, I have been sweetly assured that grace has permeated every faculty and fibre of my being, and scattered light, love and saving power through every part. Hallelujah to God! I have found satisfaction, rest, and exultation in Christ.

6. A great increase in spiritual power. This I have realized in my closet devotions, in my pastoral duties, and especially in the ministration of the blessed truth. Blessed be the Lord, I have learned by experience that men may receive the Holy Ghost in *measure* limited only by their *capacity to receive*, and feeble *ability to endure*. God could easily bless men beyond the power of the body to endure and live, if He were disposed

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to take them to heaven in that way. This increase of power has delivered me from all slavish fear of man, or of future evil. It has given me such a love to the Saviour and to His glorious Gospel, as to make all my duties sweet and delightful. Truly, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

7. A clear and distinct witness of purity through the blood of Jesus. The testimony of the Holy Spirit and of my own spirit, to the entire sanctification of my soul, has been more clear and convincing than any I ever had of my regeneration, although I had no doubts of that for years before the Lord extirpated inbred sin from my soul. "Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight."

Dear reader, how I wish I could tell you how clear and sweet the light of purity has shone through the very depths of my soul! How I wish I could tell you the complete satisfaction I have realized since I obtained this pearl of great price! If I could only tell you all about the full and perfect love of Christ! But, O, it can never be told! Its fullness, its richness, and its sweetness, can never be expressed! You can know it only by experience, and this is your solemn duty and exalted privilege. Will you not seek it? Will you not begin now? A holy life is the happiest life, the easiest life, and the safest life you can live. O, be persuaded to settle the matter at once, and begin now to seek for purity, and never yield the struggle until you obtain the glorious victory!

It may cost you a severe struggle, but victory will be yours if you only persevere. When you have once become *fully decided* that you will never cease *consecrating, praying, and believing*, until you have obtained the blessing, you will have surmounted your greatest difficulty, and it will not be long before the streams of pure love will flow through the depths of your soul.

MISS JERUSHA HAGLE.

I WAS converted to God a little over thirteen years ago. I was young, and my heart received the Word of Life through the preaching of Rev. Chas. Roffe, a Primitive Methodist minister, who I believe was a sanctified man. I was under conviction about three weeks. When the Word first came home to my heart, I began in earnest to seek salvation; but I thought I would get saved and tell no one about it. Oh, what a mistaken idea I had of the way! But I sought earnestly in secret. I had a brother I loved dearly, the idol of my heart, and I did not want to incur his displeasure. He was not serious, and watched every professing Christian to see if they lived according to the Bible. He knew what a child of God ought to be, and I knew if I made any mistakes he would see them and be displeased. Oh, how I wished he would get saved too; for then I thought it would be easier for me. Still I kept seeking in secret; I wept and prayed; but no relief came, and my Heavenly Father showed me I had another route to take before I would get through, which was to come out before the world and show my intentions. I kept feeling worse, I could not sleep much, and ate but little; until at last I felt that I could go any where, or do anything if I could only get this salvation. The revival was going on; I attended the meetings every night, and when I was willing to come out and give up all for Christ, deliverance came. Oh, how I praised God with a loud voice! The house seemed filled with glory. Oh, what a translation, what happiness! I had heaven in my soul, I knew all about this pardoning love. There was no doubt. I went home justified.

My sister, younger than myself, started when I did, and there were but two of us who were following the Lord in our home. My father was a backslider, and my mother was in a

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low state of grace ; so the responsibility rested on my young shoulders. Oh, what trials and temptations since ; but I have been able to overcome through the blood of the Lamb. With us it has been a warfare indeed ever since we were saved. The minister who was the means of leading us in the narrow way left the circuit ; another came who did not believe in the doctrine of holiness, and the class ran down. It then seemed that there was no life nor power in the preached word ; and sister and I would go in secret and pray for the "old times" again. Oh, how we would pray for real godliness.

From the time I was justified, my soul hungered after perfection. The Bible was the book of my study, and I saw there that I had not reached all there was for me. When I would read, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect" (Matt. v. 48), and, "The fruit of the Spirit is meekness, long-suffering," etc., I would see that I did not always come up to that standard ; and when the war would begin within, then I would seek for the blessing of perfect love. But though I did not receive it then, the grace already received gave me victory over my inbred foes and took away all taste for worldly society. I attended no fairs, shows, or holiday gatherings ; but all the other church members did, and we thought it was very strange their religion would let them do what we could not and love our Saviour. We attended a tea-meeting (donation) shortly after our conversion, but it was so irreligious that we went out of the church and sat on a bench and wondered if it were possible that all Christians were like those, and resolved never to attend another. There was no one to endorse our opinion. We stood alone ; and when God would bless me, and I would tell it in class, some of the members would not like it. They would not speak very kindly to me, and it would make me feel badly ; and then I would not say any more how I felt, but would just tell my Heavenly Father all about it, and get grace to help me for what I had to pass through. If our church, at that time, had lived up to her privileges, I would

have received the blessing of sanctification years ago, and been far more useful than I have been. O, how we would pray for the perfection and the old times back again! Some of our old members would tell us what religion was like when they were young, and I wondered why it could be so different now. When I would read the Word of Life, and see how God blessed the disciples I wondered how it was; for I could not find why the promise was not to us the same. Then I would pray for light; God would bless me, and still I was not satisfied. But amid all this, how I have been led! When I look back now, and see how mercy has attended all my steps, it is all of grace—nothing but grace. Now I touch a subject—to me it seems almost too delicate for publication—but I have prayed for direction; and perhaps it may fall into the hands of some whom it may benefit. The subject of matrimony was presented to me by a young man who did not enjoy salvation. In that case, of course my Bible said, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and I could not disobey. Then he became a candidate for salvation, and soon after professed to get saved. Then his plea was, now where is the objection? Our home was comfortable enough only I had to work very hard, and not having a very rugged constitution, the result was that hard work and exposure would bring me to a sick-bed every little while. Then human nature would say, marry the man and you will have it better. But grace would say, you cannot glorify God in that position. I felt his conversion was not real, and my Heavenly Father led me in a different way. I was young, and had it not been for the grace I sought daily, I believe I would have been shipwrecked on the sands of an unholy marriage with a man with only a profession, as it soon turned out to be. Had I done like many others, presented some cold, formal prayer to Heaven, and then gone on and entered the state of matrimony, and when I found the mistake, then have tried to lay the charge to my Heavenly Father, where might I have been to day? No, it was a serious matter

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with me, and I could not go blindly into it, and I received wisdom. Then others presented themselves, and urged me to lay aside my views, and get married, and not to make so serious a matter, but grace enabled me to set them all aside, and my Saviour smiled, and that was better than all the smiles and flatteries of mankind. I could not disobey my Master, and as long as I pleased Him, it was all right. He knew how to direct in all things. Bless His name!

Sometimes we would be invited to a neighbor's to a quilting or to assist them in some labor. Then I would pray for the Spirit to keep me from sin, that I might live the religion I professed. I was so afraid of bringing a blot on the cause of Christ. I loved to labor in my Master's vineyard, and so sister and I began a Sabbath-school. We also kept up a prayer-meeting, and while engaged in these things God blessed us, and we grew in grace. Bless his holy name! He fed us when we could not get food from the pulpit. How truly was the hand of God over us for good during all this time.

And now comes a dark page in my experience. It pleased God to enter our home, and remove by death a brother—the idol—in the bloom of manhood. He was taken sick away from home. O, how we prayed for his salvation! If the body had to be killed to save the soul, I was willing for that. He got well enough to come home, and we thought he would recover, but our hopes soon perished. Though we prayed for his salvation, and he seemed penitent for some time before he died, yet he left us without a testimony as assurance that it was well. Only those who have had like experience can sympathize. Such heart-rending sorrow, such prostration of soul and body before the King of heaven. I felt like the prophet, "Was there sorrow like unto my sorrow." For months I lay thus crushed in spirit. It told upon my bodily health, and my friends expected I would soon follow into the world unknown. I could not see my Father's hand in this chastisement. I knew the word had gone forth, "Ye must be born again." O, what

feeling, only my Master knew. Then the enemy came—doubts and fears took possession of my soul. He would say, Where is your trust in your heavenly Father for all things? Why did he not give you the desire of your heart, even the salvation of your friends? I did not distrust my Father's power, but I wondered why I had to be led through such a furnace. I did not enjoy as much as I had, but I did not give up my hope. Time passed—I feel now that "it is all right."

We never wore jewelry, feathers or flowers, but strayed a little in dressing: but still we did not feel right when we were not plain. And when Rev. C. H. Sage came in August, 1877, and preached the "pattern sermon," we felt the hand of God was in it, and stripped for the race. His preaching endorsed the sentiments of our minds from the time of our conversion. O, I know the Lord has sent the Free Methodists into Canada. Before our first quarterly meeting, Nov. 9-10, 1877, in personal conversation with Mr. Sage, we received light on sanctification, which we had been seeking so long. At the quarterly meeting, Nov. 9, I came out to seek the blessing. I thought I could do anything my Father wished me to do, but when I had to give up my will to do anything he would call upon me to do, there was the test. But when I could comply with all the requirements the blessing came, and ever since I have been drinking at the fountain. The hymn "The Land of Beulah" tells my feelings best.

I mean to do just what my Father wants me to do. Only let my Saviour lead me, and there I am prepared, by His grace, to lie as clay in the hands of the potter, a vessel meet for the Master's use.

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MRS. C. D. HAYES.

HAVING, by the help of God, consecrated *all I am* to His service, I consequently wait upon Him, desiring to do His bidding. As I listen I seem to hear a *still small voice* saying unto me, "Write," and my acquiescence in the divine will forbids the interrogation, Why? but I sincerely desire to follow the leadings of the Spirit, lest "my light become darkness." I implore His assistance while I present some of my experience to the readers of this work, hoping and praying it may benefit some earnest seeking soul.

There was no revival or excitement at the time. I had been powerfully convicted during many revival seasons previously, but refused to accept proffered mercy. Now I became convinced of its necessity by hearing a sermon preached by a Rev. Mr. Gibb, at the "Webster school-house." I feared it was the Spirit's *last* call, and for one week my case (to myself) seemed hopeless, but after great agony of spirit I was "by dying love" compelled to yield *step by step my all* to Jesus, and the evidence of my pardon was as clear as the noonday sun.

"Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,"

for a while; but, being ignorant of the devices of our arch-enemy, and shrinking from bearing the cross, (the *necessary* means provided for a growth in grace), I soon lost the witness, which caused great suffering of mind. Occasionally my *faith* would seem to bring me into the sunshine of God's countenance for a short time, but *works* were wanting, and I could not stand, and would as often relapse into darkness, till I *ventured* to believe I had *no religion*, and the consequence was, I indulged deeper in the vanities and amusements of the world than before, and for two years was *tossed* and *driven* without God and without hope, for I felt that I had grieved the Spirit.

I had no rest, but an *unceasing war* was carried on in my heart, for the "strong man armed" had returned with renewed forces, determined to maintain his former position as sole monarch, while the Holy Spirit, true to his trust, and faithful in his office work, ceased not day or night to warn me of my danger till, by his sweet influences and earnest pleadings, I was again driven to the feet of Him whom I had wounded afresh, begging for mercy.

Again the Lord saw fit to lead me out *alone* by the way of the cross—the *very* way I had shunned, and, setting my feet down where I *first* left the track, I commenced my pilgrimage once more. I was enabled (trusting wholly in His strength) to confess my backslidings, and express my desires and determinations before my young companions.

Come out, and be ye separate, etc., was continually sounding in my ears and to my heart, and I resolved to exemplify the *true* Christian—remembering that I had, before the congregation and all heaven, solemnly promised to *renounce the devil and all his works—the vain pomp and glory of the world, etc.*, so that *I would not follow or be led by them.*

I was educated to believe the blessing of holiness attainable in this life, by the teachings of the Bible and the testimony of Christians, and was acquainted with a few who enjoyed it; but I heard *so little* said about it, that for some years I supposed it was an *extra favor* lavished upon a *few chosen of God* as His *peculiar people*, nor did I have a thought that *I could ever* receive the blessing called *sanctification*. A few weeks before I united with the church I felt it my duty, for the first time, to *fast*, and a heavy burden it proved, as I was with a family that disapproved of such ceremonies.

I dared not disobey the divine injunction. Something whispered, *Bear this cross for Christ's sake, and, ask what ye will, ye shall receive.* I yielded to the impression with faith in God, and fasted for twenty-four hours. A *clean heart* was the boon I craved. My faith was directed to the promise, and I was

enabled to believe my heart was *clean*! I afterwards learned it was our annual fast day. For a while I was filled with *holy joy*—a *solid peace*—an unshaken faith—and was impressed that it was my duty to *live* to glorify God. It seemed to me that it would be a *pleasant* work to leave my friends and home and go to the heathen lands, and teach those benighted souls the way to heaven. Oh, the anxiety I had for usefulness! I did not understand well the nature of the blessing I had received, nor *how* to retain it. At times I *believed* the work was wrought, and my heart was filled with *peace* that flowed like a river—such a peace of which the world knows nothing. Again I was unable to preserve this enjoyment, not yet knowing well how to trust in Jesus *by the moment*. At a later period I read all the testimony I could get for information.

The Life of Hester A. Rogers was very encouraging, and "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection" was a key to open to my mind many precious truths of the Bible that had hitherto seemed like a mystery. I studied the Scriptures much upon my knees, fasted and wrestled in prayer till I rejoiced in the clear *assurance* of the possession of *free, full and present* salvation. My feet pressed the Rock; my heart believed, and at times my joy knew no bounds. For two years I had seasons of sweet communion with God, amid the *most perplexing* trials of my life. During this time I had unavoidable clouds to pass through, and sometimes they seemed like *blackness*; but the most of the time I could realize the Lord strengthening and bidding me trust in Him. When the winds raged, and waves ran high, I recognized the voice of Him who bade the winds "be still;" and when the pruning-knife was applied to the branches I knew in *due* season would the command, *It is enough*, be given. I, at times, however, had doubts, understanding so imperfectly *how* the "just live by faith," and not by sight. I feared when I was not filled with "joy unspeakable," that I had in some way grieved the Spirit. In the year 1847 light burst in upon my prospects, and for one year my enjoyment

was more clear and constant, "refreshing showers" were generally distilled upon my willing heart. I feasted upon heavenly manna, and drank of the water of life so "divinely pure."

Eternity alone can disclose the joys I felt in the full assurance of *sins washed away*. Oh, the unfathomable depths of love felt in the soul under the exercise of a faith obtained by *constant self-denial, fasting, and prayer!* But my sun was again darkened; my health gradually failed, and with it (I imagined) went the witness of the fullness. Oh, the desolation of my heart!

My mind at times seemed bordering on despair, and was brought to the very gates of death without the *faith* that I *was saved*, but with only the *hope of being saved*. But God was merciful in listening to my earnest prayers for my recovery. While cares, and trials and darkness of mind altogether seemed beyond endurance, again a ray of light would beam down through the unbelief, and discover to me that the hand of God was in *all this*, and His cheering words to me were, *Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction*. As my health improved, my faith increased, and I was enabled to claim an undoubted witness of my approbation with God once more, and could say, as did Wesley, I felt "my heart strangely warmed."

I felt as though all my powers of usefulness were taken from me till I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Friday evening, January 13th, 1860, I attended a weekly prayer-meeting, where assembled a few who professed to enjoy perfect love. I felt that the time was come for me to venture out. I took *all I was, all I had, and all I had done*, and brought them to the Lord, *feeling I can but perish if I go*; and also *all things are now ready; what more can I do*. Oh, how sensibly I felt the unworthiness and meanness of my offering! My heart, cares, and burdens, to put upon my Saviour! My life and all were laid at his feet, and I waiting in almost breathless anxiety for an answer, but what an *awful stillness* reigned!

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Still I cried, I *can* do *nothing* more. Unbelief seemed now to be *all* I had to defeat me; and what a *giant foe!* I had not even a "pebble from the brook" to cast at him, as I thought and saw and realized more than ever before my *utter helplessness*. O, the agony of that hour! It seemed that soul and body must separate; but I would sooner die than yield to the adversary. I looked up for light, but beheld darkness. I prayed for an increase of faith, but darkness had filled the place where my heart belonged!—a something dark, impenetrable, powerless, and no effort of my own could remove or affect it. I gladly would have torn it from my breast, but it was work for the Spirit to perform. At this awful moment *despair*, with its dismal form, presented itself to claim a night, but "God's grace was sufficient" then, for "I knew in whom I believed," and I was enabled to hurl it into oblivion. I was sensible that this was the *crucifying* process, and felt this was the *fire* that consumed the dross. Unbelief seemed magnified. Now I saw before me naked faith. I had seen it in print, and heard it talked of, but, as much experience as I had passed through, I never felt what its power must be till now. All I could do was to plead the promise, "I will receive you."

Here I found a foothold, and resolved will *try* to believe from henceforth that *Jesus saves me*. I returned home feeling *consecrated*, but no evidence was given. I retired, to rest but little. The following morning my heart of stone seemed to be broken into pieces, and in a few hours *all* darkness was eradicated, and my heart seemed a heart of flesh, cleansed and new!

Though this account may seem strangely expressed, it was real, and appeared to me a far more painful exercise than I can state. Household cares and temptations were so intermixed with these exercises that I wanted greater light. I entered my closet, and told my heavenly Father all about my fears, for I wanted to honor Him. I could not pray for a clean heart, for I felt it was clean. There was a perfect inward calmness—no agony of soul, but something was wanting; and just then, slow-

ly, noiselessly, and lovingly, before my spiritual vision, moved down the Three in One. O, what a precious sight! I heard no audible voice, but the Saviour seemed to impress a language on my heart, signifying that he had come with the Father and the Spirit to take up his abode in my heart. O, what a holy sweetness filled my soul! Not only did I feel peace in my heart, but I seemed placed in an atmosphere where I inhaled it, and a halo of sweetness and love encircled me.

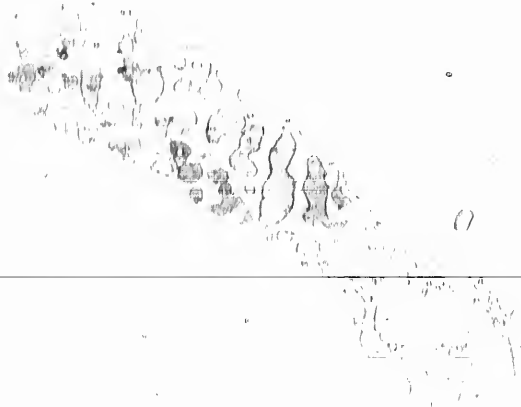
This manifestation was so unlike anything I had looked for, although I had often said "any way," that I feared to believe. I left my closet, and took my Bible, and opened to Isaiah, 62d chapter, and the first words I saw were these: "Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him. And they shall call them the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord; and thou shalt be called *sought out*, a city not forsaken." Each word, as I read, sunk like a weight into my heart. Victorious faith sprang up at once, and I cried; *I am redeemed—my salvation is come—and Jesus saves me now!* None but a recipient of this purity of heart can ever know the heights, and depths, and richness of such an entertainment. 'Tis the manna that satisfies the hungry, 'tis the cup of the "water of life" that we are permitted to quaff; and that quenches, for the time being, the thirsty soul.

How a sense of fullness succeeded after the realization of the hungering, thirsting emptiness, which I think necessarily precedes this blessing. Now I possessed a holy confidence that enabled me to go out and proclaim what God had done for me. My peace has since flowed on like a river, with the exception of a few trials of my faith. Each new baptism furnishes additional light upon subjects once to me incomprehensible, and I can see new beauty in the Gospel plan. How encouraging to the ambitious soul to know that as we grow in grace we shall increase in knowledge of divine things; that as

the grace increased, there is opened to our view new mysteries, on and on through eternity. "Great is the mystery of godliness." But the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. I love my God. I love His laws, and the narrow way through which He "leads me into green pastures and beside the still waters." I love His children of every denomination. I have a strong desire to be useful in saving those who stand upon the brink of woe. God forbid that I shall barely escape, and wear a starless crown!

MRS. T. V. CURRIER.

I WAS blessed with pious parents, who, from my earliest childhood, taught me to pray; and I can remember how the Spirit of God used to strive with me, and make me feel I ought to be a Christian. But I did not yield unto God until I was the age of sixteen, although I used to pray in secret, and ask the Lord to take care of me. One evening at meeting the preacher used the text: "I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all his people." I felt I must begin to pay the many vows I had made. I felt my sins were a heavy load, and cried for mercy, and the Lord graciously heard and answered. My sins, which were many, were all forgiven for Jesus' sake, and there was a sweet peace and joy in my soul. I felt that indeed old things had passed away, and all things had become new. I went along for a while, and then began to feel the uprisings of anger and other dispositions of the carnal mind. Sometimes I would cry to God for help and keep the victory, and then again would yield to temptation. But how sorry I would feel, and ask God to forgive me and help me to do better.



I lived this way for years, not knowing or seeking to know much about holiness. About ten years ago I commenced to believe the Zinzendorf doctrine, which I heard strongly preached and advocated; but during all the time I believed it would pray to the Lord to cleanse my heart from all sin—not realizing how inconsistent such a prayer was if the work had already been done.

On the 23rd of May, 1877, Brother H. Beares and wife came to our house. He said he had come to perform a painful duty. The Lord had sent him to tell me I had a devil! A terrible feeling of conviction that I was in an unsaved condition seized hold upon me; that I was unfit for heaven; that there was that about me that was unlike God. The light of eternity, as it were, commenced to shine into my soul. I saw the devil—the carnal nature that was within me—that had not been removed at conversion. God had wonderful mercy upon unworthy me, in letting me know and understand the worst of my condition. A great many cannot understand about seeing the devil, but God let me see with spiritual eyesight just how the evil of my fallen nature appeared in his sight. I saw hell yawning to receive me, and legions of devils seeking to destroy my soul for ever. I commenced to cry mightily for deliverance. I understand perfectly well what the dying groans of old nature are. The struggle with me was a long and severe one. We fasted and prayed for nearly two days. I felt it was a case of life or death with my soul. It seemed that body and soul would almost part in the contest. I consecrated myself, with all the powers of my entire being, for time and eternity to be the Lord's, without reserve. I had taken a great deal of pride in my good name—not so much in dress, for, as a professed Christian, I did not care much for the adornings of the world—but I laid my good name, my reputation, my every thing, on the altar, and it meant more than I can express for me to do this: and I promised the Lord I would obey him just as long as life should last; and then I felt I was on promised

ground—that the precious promises in God's Word were all mine, and I commenced to present them. "He that cometh unto me I will in *no wise* cast out;" "He is able to save unto the *uttermost* all that come unto him," and others, and by faith laid hold of them; and the Lord Jesus Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, did the work in my soul. The cleansing blood was applied! Glory be to God! The carnal nature, root and branch, was taken out, and my heart seemed as clean and white as snow. There was such a sweet, quiet, restful feeling settled upon my soul. It seemed there was a holy calm resting upon the face of Nature every where. My heart was emptied, swept and garnished, with the incoming of the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of holiness, as being a separate and distinct work from justification, is perfectly clear to me now. I understand it, because the experience is in my own soul. For weeks I was a wonder to myself—such a radical change had been wrought—and I found I was in good growing soil, where I could grow in grace and in the knowledge of God from day to day; and the unspeakable glory has rested upon me many, many times. This morning the very God of peace sanctifies me wholly. Bless his holy name for ever! My motto in all things is, Holiness unto the Lord!

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
 And all its riches freely mine:
 There shines undimmed one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHORUS.

Oh! Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land!
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heaven, my home, forever more!

S. McARTHUR.

MY parents were members of the Presbyterian Church. I was the subject of deep, religious impressions, when a child, but had no encouragement. After reading some Calvinistic magazines, I became a strong believer in the doctrine of Unconditional Election and Reprobation—damnation of infants of non-elect parents, etc. Being looked upon, as *I imagined*, as a *hard case*, I gravely concluded that I was a reprobate, which at times caused me great distress. At one time, when deeply concerned about my soul, I was pointed to by a minister of the Gospel as “the boy that never prays.” By another minister I was spoken of as “that rebellious youth, who is in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity.” I was helping to support him, and walked eight miles each Sabbath to hear him preach; but he seemed to have little hope in my case. All of these things helped to confirm me in my belief, that there was no mercy for me.

When twenty-eight years of age, I was called to stand by the open grave of a dear little infant. Imagine my woe, believing as I did that it was among the lost. My sister C—— N—— fell down by the grave. I thought she was dead. Bro. H—— said, “Let her alone.” In a vision she saw the little one safe in heaven. A ray of hope then crossed my path. I reasoned thus: “If my *child* is saved, there is mercy in store for *me*—I am one of the *elect*!

I invited a minister to preach at my house. I attended upon the means of grace, was strict in the observance of religious duties, but knew nothing of the “love of God.” In 1867 I moved to Galesburg, Iowa. I there met with a Christian lady who professed and enjoyed “perfect love.” I attended and took a part in class and prayer meetings, hoping to obtain what others enjoyed. Aunt Nancy—so she was called—gave

me much encouragement. One evening, after meeting, she took me by the hand and said, "Go on, brother M——." Her words were spoken in love, and they went to my heart; and from that moment I took new courage.

Two years from that time I attended a protracted meeting, which was conducted by Rev. Samuel Hestwood, pastor of the M. E. Church in that place. One night, while kneeling at the altar as a sinner, as that beloved saint was interceding with God, after a hard struggle, I got a new heart! I then "heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders," "Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Satan was vanquished.

My heart was then drawn out for the salvation of others, and I prayed, Lord, if I am truly thine, "give me souls." I took the Bible for my guide—opened to these words: "Pure religion . . . is to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction," etc. I went to a house where lived a very poor widow with two daughters, who had not attended the meeting. I asked the eldest one if she would like to be a Christian? She swooned, and I think was converted. I addressed her sister in a similar manner; she was converted in a few minutes. Her mother and another widow then came in—she, too, was one whom the Lord had given me—and we had a little prayer-meeting.

I next found myself in the shop of a very wicked blacksmith, and preached Christ to him. He shed tears. When I came to myself, I was astonished at finding the sun so low in the west. I started home. On the way, a bright light suddenly shone around me, *far above the brightness of the sun*, which was also shining. It gave me such a shock that I nearly fell to the ground!

I then began to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit—the anointing of the Church; received the evidence that the Lord would work mightily upon the hearts of the people, but that the Church would revolt when called upon to go forward

That night, at commencement of service, the minister called on me to pray. I made the attempt, but could not utter a word. He commenced preaching; I remained on my knees during the sermon, praying the Lord to revive His work. Sermon being over, the minister said emphatically, "Now, brethren, go forward and do your duty!"

The house was crowded—sinners were awakened, and many, doubtless, would have been converted, had the Church gone forward and done her duty. In the strength of God, I was enabled to go forth into the congregation, and invite sinners to come to Jesus. One, at least, was converted—a little girl about fourteen years old. When I asked her if she wanted to be a Christian, her eyes filled with tears, and *such* tears. Her countenance was radiant; her very garments shone like glittering pearls; she seemed transfigured!

When I had spoke to about half of the congregation, one of the influential members of the church came to me, and reprovéd me for the course I was taking. Unkind remarks were made by others; even the mother of the little girl that was converted joined with others in censuring me. The church stood still—the Spirit was grieved. I afterwards asked a young man why he did not go forward for prayers that evening. He replied, "Mr. M——, when you spoke to me, I felt as though a sword pierced through my heart, and I cannot tell *why* I did not go forward." Satan took sad advantage of me at that time—told me I was out of my place. Tempted and tried, I said some things which were wrong.

The next evening I found I had lost the wonderful power of the Holy Ghost. Late at night, I started home with a sad heart. The night was cold, and as I made my way home through the deep snow, it seemed like Calvary. I turned aside to pray. Being nearly exhausted, I fell prostrate upon the ground, or snow—got up and went as far as the fence, and there, cold and chill, I knelt down to pray. While I was praying, CHRIST came to me! He pressed a warm, thick robe

about me. I felt His arms embracing me! He then reproved me for my unbelief—revealed to me the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary, when his friends betrayed and forsook HIM—asked me if I would follow the Man of Sorrows. And there, for two hours, the Man of Sorrows was *really personally* with me! He taught me to walk by faith. He established my goings.

On Sabbath evening I started late to church. As I passed a house where lived a thoughtless young couple who had not attended the meeting, my feelings were indescribable. When I had gone a little farther, the burden of souls came over me, which brought me to my knees. I prayed, Lord, whether shall I go? The answer was, "Go to the sanctuary." I arose, and after walking a few rods, was raised up into the air, and really thought I was going to be taken up alive! And for several rods I walked partly at least in the air! Passing a desperately wicked man, I gave him the "Gospel invitation." He said, in a broken voice, "I ought to repent."

After sermon, several went forward to the altar for prayers. A young lady, who had been a seeker for several evenings, was in great darkness. I spoke a few words to her; her countenance brightened; from that moment she became a living witness. Our oldest child, a girl of fourteen, was kneeling as a seeker. I took her by the right hand, said not a word—she swooned, and received the remission of her sins.

On our way home, I called at the house of that thoughtless young couple—tried to persuade them to become Christians.

It was late when I got home. I retired to rest. The room was totally dark. In a few minutes I felt the *Blood*—the precious *Blood!* My heart seemed perfectly filled with the Blood of Christ—the Blood which cleanseth! Immediately after this, there came from the west a beautiful bright red cloud. It passed slowly by me, until it filled the room! Then a little past where I lay the cloud parted, and a *Form* appeared, which St. John describes in Rev. i. 13-15. Yes, with my

own eyes I saw the First and Last! Such BEAUTY, GLORY, MAJESTY and LOVE! His countenance shone as the sun! He smiled, and the light of his reconciled countenance shone upon ME! Standing behind Him in the air, or cloud, was a beautiful bright angel, with a silver-colored trumpet in his hand, which he held to his mouth. And as I looked, wondering if the end of the world had really come, the Prince of Glory waved His purple robes, and showed me his wounds! Then in a moment the cloud passed on in majesty, and the "King of kings" "went forth conquering and to conquer!"

The next morning, while engaged in prayer, I was directed to pray for the whole world. Some of the most desperately wicked persons of whom I had any knowledge, were presented to me as subjects for prayer. Then I saw and believed that the *Atonement was made for ALL*, and made my escape from the soul-destroying dogma, "Unconditional Election and Reprobation," which for many years held me in chains of hopeless darkness.

N. B. BALDWIN.

I WAS born in Euclid, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. From my earliest recollection I was deeply wrought upon by the Holy Ghost. Just before I was twelve years old, one of my schoolmates, whom I loved dearly, was taken away by accident. This made me consider my lost condition without Christ. While out doing chores, the night after returning from the house of mourning, and with his last words—"meet me in heaven"—ringing in my ears, I knelt, and there gave up all to God, and received the witness of the Spirit that all my sins were pardoned. Then I said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and it seemed as though an unseen hand touched my shoulder, and a voice said, "Preach my Gospel." But how my

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timid nature shrank from it; and how many bitter hours of sickness and anguish I passed through before I finally yielded to obey God. I sought and received the blessing of perfect love: and many of my schoolmates were brought to Christ; and God poured his Spirit upon me, until all wondered who heard my prayers and exhortations, because I was so young. But God brought me to the test, and I shrank from duty, and lost the blessing of holiness.

At the age of seventeen, we removed to Berrien County, Michigan. Soon revivals began, and the Spirit and power returned; and many with whom I spoke would melt with tears, and go with me to the altar; and while pointing them to Christ, I would have the joy of seeing them saved in Jesus. Praise his holy name alone for such victories!

One day the preacher said to me, "Are you obeying God, and doing the work he has for you to do?" I said, "No," and related my experience to him. He told me to come to the quarterly meeting, and he would see that I had license to exhort. Two weeks of temptation followed, in which the power of darkness seemed to be let loose, and I did not go. After a while I was married, and two little ones were given us—and prosperity seemed granted for a time; but these words would still ring in my ears, "Preach my Gospel." Still I refused, and God's hand was laid upon my first-born son, and I was brought free to face with death. Then I promised to obey; but with the return of health (having passed through two congestive chills), I sold every thing, and fled from the presence of the Lord—as did Jonah. I went to Dakota, thinking I would be safe on the frontier. Once I narrowly escaped death by a railroad accident; and in the February following I received a letter telling me of the illness of my child; and I returned to find her mortal remains under the sod. God only knows the anguish of my soul on that occasion: but we returned to Dakota. Again I received another call, which I could not shake off, and I promised God if he would give me a good crop, I

would preach His Word. But the grasshoppers came down and swept away every thing, and the enemy came in like a flood, and I doubted my call, and the Holy Spirit left me in total darkness. I returned to Michigan on a visit, and Bro. Sharpe came to our place and preached the plain truth with power. I was one of the first at the altar, and after a struggle of three days, I once more obtained the blessing of holiness. Praise God!

Soon after I received a license to exhort, and went to work. While at Bro. Sharpe's, at Three Rivers, I was taken with the third congestive chill. After suffering for hours, and being given up to die by the physicians, I beckoned to one of Bro. Sharpe's family, and whispered to them to pray for my recovery, if it was God's will for me to preach. There were several Free Methodist sisters present, and while one prayed, "Dear Jesus, we believe thou hast the same power to heal that thou hadst while on earth. Touch Brother Baldwin and heal him just now,"—like a shock of electricity, the Holy Ghost filled my whole being, and I shouted aloud, Praise God! I began recovering immediately. The following day I attended a prayer-meeting, and God blessed me so powerfully that I could only lie on the floor and wonder at his mighty power, while waves of glory swept over my soul.

In the spring of 1877, I received license to preach, and made arrangements with Brother Sharp to come West in the fall and raise the banner of holiness. Praise God, we are here, and have about thirty who have been aroused from formalism and death! The battle is going on. Dakota for God, is our cry.



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